

Shrouded Past

by Shaded Destiny

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Summary: Between not having a memory of his past and having a deadline on his life, Gritt doesn't get off very easily on life. He has one week to learn his past, train, and destroy his enemies. Not easy at all, and on top of that, an ancient dragon is being resurrected to conquer the world. Follows the movie, but only just. CHANGED SUMMARY. Tell me if you like it.

1. Shadowed Beginnings

Shrouded past

Disclaimer: HTTYD is not mine, I don't own any of it or its characters, all I own is Gritt, my character.

A/N: Yeah, here I am, finally writing a story for HTTYD in fanfiction. This is my very first story, just to let you guys know, even though you're probably tired from hearing this. Anyways, this is the very first chapter, much of it contains the movie, so yeah, slightly boring, but it'll hopefully get better. So then, if you want to, read on.

_My name is Gritt. Actually, my full name is Gritt the Shrouded. Probably the youngest Viking to earn a full title. I'm getting ahead of myself though. I should probably start at the very beginning to give you the full story. Even I don't know much about myself, other than what happened before I was accepted into the society of Berk. All I've been told is that I was found in the middle of a dragon raid, curled around a dead Nightmare and clutching a strange steel sword. That sword is the only tie to my past, so I still treasure it to this day. The other Vikings said I was around six or seven years old at the time. My appearance confused many people though. Ever since then, I've been taken care of by various people, some good, some bad, but no one ever kept me. Reason why? It was because they all died whenever the next dragon raid came. I was believed to have suffered a terrible curse, so I was basically left on my own and to

fend for myself. Sure, my fellow Vikings still allowed me to live among them, and they still treated me like a normal child, but it was hard on me, trying to live alone. This is why I earned the title the Shrouded. No one knew anything about me. There, that's the most information about me that I want you to hear about me, partially because it's almost all I know, and also because the rest would just confuse you. Now to get further into my story. Right now, I'm sitting in a musty attic writing this down for myself to remember and for others like you to learn from. You've probably heard the legend of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and his Night Fury, Toothless, right? Well, that story embellished to the point where I'm left out of it, which sucks. I played a large part in that story, and the ending of his story was just the beginning of the rest of Berk's as well. And now that I think of it, some parts of stories are better left forgotten, like mine, but Hiccup told me to write down my life, so here it is, finally. Get ready. This is Berk, it's located twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death, it's located solidly on the Meridian of Miseryâ€|_

_ â€|_the Meridian of Misery. It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. The reason? Because of the pests.

"Oh yeah, everywhere else gets mice and mosquitoes, and don't get me wrong, they're annoying, but of course, we get the slightly bigger problem," said Gritt to himself as he wound his way through the village of Berk while trying to avoid the 'pests'. "Oh no, we get theâ€|Oof!" A big red 'pest' had just barreled Gritt over and was about to fry him when something over to its right had distracted it. The 'pest' swung its muzzle in that direction. Gritt himself looked over to see a slim figure rapidly close a door to avoid being toasted by the fire spewing from the 'pest's' maw.

"Dragonsâ€|" managed Gritt as the red dragon flew over him, seemingly more satisfied with burning a house rather than eating him. As he got up and shook himself off after yet another near death experience with a dragon, he managed to just catch a glimpse of the slim figure running down off into the distance. "Hiccup," he breathed, "please don't get into any trouble again, you've caused enough damage to yourself and the village." He proceeded to dash off into the fray to help out the village in yet another raid, and also so he could keep an eye on Hiccup.

-Gritt pov-

I only had one specified job during raids, and it wasn't the fire patrol, which was currently manned by five people, or fighting dragons, which was manned by the other Vikings to keep the food from being stolen. It also wasn't helping with the repairing of the broken and bent weapons given to the village blacksmith, Gobber, by the Vikings who fought the dragons. The reason why I was so annoyed at Hiccup was because my job was to keep Hiccup from trouble during raids, and every time, no matter what I do to stop it, Hiccup always manages to cause havoc some way or another, whether it be caving in a house or blowing up the mead hall, which actually happened once when Hiccup tried his 'new' catapult, and it failed miserably. I was kind of forced to do this by Stoic the Vast, who was the chief of the village, and also Hiccup's father.

-General pov, flashback-

Gritt was walking up to his house with a basket full of the day's catch when a giant figure came up from behind him. "Gritt," said the figure. "I have to ask your help for something." Gritt turned sharply, startled by the sudden voice behind him.

_ "Oh, um, didn't see you coming chief, uh, what do you need?" he stated clumsily._

_ "I need a big favor from you," said Stoic, "because no one else will actually do it. I need you to look after Hiccup during raids, because of, well, you know."_

_ "His natural tendency to destroy the village accidentally?"_

_ "Yeah, that, now, do we have a deal?"_

_ "Um, is anyone else doing this as w-"_

_ "Do we have a deal?" Said Stoic a little more sternly._

_ "Yes, we have a deal," sighed Gritt._

_ "Good, now don't disappoint me." And with those words, the chief walked off to go oversee some more of the day's catch that was being hauled in._

_ "I won't, hopefully," said Gritt, and he continued to walk up to his house again._

-End flashback-

Anyways, as I was running to catch up with Hiccup, I was suddenly slammed back down onto the ground by something massive. When I looked up, I saw that it was the red dragon again. For some odd reason, all types of the dragon species seem to hate me more than any other Viking here on Berk. It makes me feel that my past isn't a good part of my life. The large dragon that was in front of me was called a Monstrous Nightmare, and the name fit that dragon perfectly. First of all, it was monstrous and intimidating, installing fear in all but the most courageous of Vikings, and it had vicious streak of ripping its opponents apart and being entirely destructive to everything around it. These dragons intrigue me the most, all in part because I was found lying on a dead one. Still, they're pretty dangerous, so I try to avoid them during raids like this.

Another dragon is the Deadly Nadder. This dragon looks much like a parrot or bird, most of in part because it has a beak-like head and has two bird-like legs. Its fire is also the most powerful of all the dragons, being that it can melt through the strongest steel in seconds. It's also the most colorful of dragon species, ranging from a multicolor of blue, yellow, and orange. It's a rather quick dragon, despite its stick-like legs, and can be a deadly opponent in combat.

A third of the dragon species is the Gronckle. This dragon, to me, is basically a lumpy rock with wings. It's short and stubby with a giant head, and it flies slowly because of its small wings, but it makes up for the speed with sheer brute force. It has a hard outer shell of scales, making it hard to kill, and its fire is dangerous and

explosive, many times scattering its opponents with the blast.

The fourth dragon is called the Hideous Zippleback. This dragon is one of the strangest of the different species. It has two heads instead of the usual one, and it doesn't breathe fire like the rest of them. This dragon creates explosions that have blown houses sky high by having one head exhale a sort of greenish gas, while the other head is able to create a spark that ignites the gas and causes it to combust rather violently.

The fifth dragon is the smallest of all the species, and it's called the Terrible Terror, but all it really does is be annoying because it's too small to really harm anyone, and it can't do much else but annoy. It's about the size of a small dog, and even though I say it's just annoying, finding them in packs is something to be afraid of because then they might do some damage. Other than that, they're pretty harmless.

The last dragon that's seen pretty frequently on raids is also the most elusive, and it's called the Night Fury. All we pretty much know about this dragon is that it has a black hide and has powerful fire blasts. It mainly flies around and destroys our towers, but other than that it does nothing else, it doesn't even steal food. It's secretive and I respect that, being that I have many secrets as well, even though I don't know them.

Anyways, the Nightmare that knocked me over again was going to try to roast me again, but I, blessed by the gods with respectable reaction time, was able to roll out of the way of its lava-like fire, and run away towards the blacksmith shop, which was where Hiccup spent his time during raids to keep out of trouble, and to help Gobber in the shop, being that Hiccup was the blacksmith's apprentice. I knew it was only a matter of time before the rest of the village needed Gobber's help to fight, so I decided to go help on the fire brigade until Hiccup stole off to go catch the Night Fury again.

There were the same five teens as usual on the fire brigade when I got there. The first teen I saw was Snotlout Jorgenson, who was basically a perfect Viking in every way except one, which is the most important one: brains. He was large, buff, and burly, with black hair covered up with a helmet that had ram horns imbedded into the sides. He was stupid, though, and couldn't even think through the easiest of situations and always chose wrong. He was Hiccup's cousin, and his father was Spitelout Jorgenson, Stoic's second in command. Snotlout was the person who picked on Hiccup the most because of how he looked and how he always messed up.

Hiccup was probably the most non-Viking-like Viking I've ever met. He was small and scrawny, his nickname was even fishbone or useless, due to the fact he never did anything right, and he couldn't even wield a weapon correctly, other than a knife. He has to be the smartest Viking I've ever known, though. I've seen some of his blueprints for his inventions, and they're fantastic. With a little more work, he could become a valuable asset to Berk's society one day, if he stops messing up. He has red hair and piercing green eyes, and he's an incredibly sarcastic and quirky person. He always makes me laugh with his jokes. Being the son of the chief, Hiccup will one day take the role of chief, which everyone fears, but I believe he'll become useful one day, defying everyone's expectations of him.

The next teen I saw was Fishlegs Ingerman, and he's probably the smartest Viking next to Hiccup. He's memorized many of the most useful things about the different dragons, and he can deduct weaknesses of anything just by looking at them. The only odd thing about him is that he uses statistics in everything in life. He's a very large and chubby teen with blond hair, and the only thing that he lacks is confidence in himself. All in all, he's a great person to be around.

The next two are Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston, who were actually fraternal twins, and they went everywhere together, and also argued at everything together. They never seemed to get along but never seemed to split apart. They were both lanky like Hiccup, but instead of being scrawny and thin, they were just tall and thin. They both also had similar looking helmets covering their blond shoulder length hair. They both picked on Hiccup's inability to do anything right like Snotlout, and never gave him a break either.

The Thorston twins make me think a lot of myself and how I look. I'm tall and lanky just like them, but without the blond hair. I have extremely dark brown hair, and it goes to around shoulder length, also covering my eyes, which are a dark blue color. My body is scarred in dozens of places, many of which are on my face, all of which look like some sort of strange design. It makes me scared of who and what my family was and what they did. I also carried around the sword that was found with me that fateful night. It was a double edged blade with a golden hilt, which bore the design of a dragon fighting a much larger dragon, all in gold. The blade was the weirdest though. It shone golden and blue depending on which way you turned it. I've always had the feeling this blade is important to finding out about my past. Other than that, I look like a pretty normal Viking, other than the lankiness.

Now, the last of the five teens I saw running along trying to put out the fires has always just disgusted me. She was the perfect Viking, and I hated it. Her name was Astrid Hofferson. She had lush blond hair braided down her back, she wore an armored skirt and shirt, and perfect in combat. She also carried around a gigantic axe, which scared me to death whenever she swung it around me. Don't get me wrong, she's good with it, but what if it ever slipped out of her hands while I was in the area. Not good. She was the one who was expected to win dragon training out of the six teens that were in it. I wasn't included in that group because I had technically completed dragon training already because of a certain incident with the previous Nightmare a while back.

-General pov, flashback-

The crowd was cheering a young Viking by the name of Garrod. He stood in front of the Nightmare's gate and said "I'm ready," and the gate opened to let the dragon out. The Nightmare was eager to kill it's new foe, and lunged at the young Viking, catching him by surprise. It grabbed his leg and swung him up into the air, just to throw him back down onto the stone floor. There was a sickening crack from where Garrod had landed, just emphasizing the point that he had just died. It had been the quickest fight in the history of Berk, and with the dragon winning, which was a shock. The Nightmare quickly charged at the gate and rammed it with as much force as it could possibly muster, and it was rewarded with the gate breaking down, allowing the dragon to run free. By that time, all of the

Vikings present had gotten over their shock and charged at the Nightmare with fury for the dead Viking. The Nightmare had not yet recovered from the long-term imprisonment, so it couldn't fly right away, and it ran down from the kill ring towards the village in an effort to escape the Vikings. Gritt had just gotten his sword sharpened at the blacksmith shop, and he was on his way up to the kill ring to watch the fight when he saw the Nightmare plow its way through the village knocking over baskets and trampling crops. He saw that the dragon was coming straight towards him and he pulled out his sword, only intent on scaring the dragon away from him, but the dragon just ran right through him, and Gritt inadvertently stuck his sword into the dragons unprotected underside when it struck him. This action sent both dragon and man to fall to the ground, with the dragon being dead._

_ The Vikings happened upon the scene a few moments later and witnessed in awe of what they thought happened. "Is it dead?" said a Viking._

_ "What happened?"_

_ "Oh Thor! There's someone underneath it!"_

_ "Quick! Get him out from under it!" Some Vikings were able to get through the commotion and lift the dead dragon off of him. Stoic had finally managed to get to the front of the mess, and then he proceeded to calm down the group._

_ "QUIET! ALL OF YOU!" He shouted, "now let's hear what he has to say. What happened Gritt?"_

_ "Well, sir," he said, "I was just on my way to watch the fight when I saw this dragon come straight at me, so I just lifted my sword hoping to scare it off, but it just ran into my sword and killed itself."_

_ "And so it did," said Stoic, "everyone, let's clean this mess up."_

-End Flashback-

After that, many of Berk thought of me as a seasoned dragon killer, so the council decided to give me a pass in dragon training, being that I already knew how to defend myself from dragons. I still volunteered to help with it though, just not be in the actual fighting, which brings me back to the fight at hand. I hadn't even gotten to my water bucket when I was knocked over by some strange contraption. I heard a fading "Sorry!" before I realized it was Hiccup running off to Odin knows where with his damn contraptions. I muttered to myself about what an idiot he was, then set off to intercept Hiccup before he caused anymore damage.

-General pov-

Gritt had set off after Hiccup as fast as he could, but even with that weird contraption Hiccup was pushing, he seemed to go even faster than Gritt. "Hiccup!" He shouted, "What are you doing! Get back here before you do something stupid!" Hiccup chanced a look over his shoulder and then turned back, sprinting even faster towards his destination.

"What? Go! Get away from me Gritt! I'm not doing anything wrong yet!" He shouted back, obviously peeved that he allowed me to follow him.

"No, but knowing you, you pro-!" And with those words, Gritt tripped on a root sticking up from the ground, and he rolled along the ground for a bit. After getting up, he looked around, his features getting darker as he realized he lost where Hiccup had went. He set off in the general direction of where Hiccup ran off to. After a few seconds of running, he saw Hiccup standing on the edge of a cliff, holding what appeared to be some sort of cannon/crossbow contraption. Gritt just started running until he heard the characteristic scream of a Night Fury about to fire. "Hiccup!" He shouted. "Get away fr-!" His words were drowned out by the ensuing explosion from the Night Fury, but that was exactly when Hiccup shot his cannon as well.

Gritt took longer than usual to recover from the explosion because he could feel a strange pressure increasing at the back of his head, sort of like a slow buzzing. He looked up and saw an extraordinary sight. Hiccup was basically bursting with joy. "I hit it? Yes! I hit it! Did anyone see that!" It was unbelievable. Hiccup had actually managed to hit a Night Fury with one of his inventions. Gritt was basically cheering for Hiccup as well until he saw something that made his heart stop. "Except for youâ€¦!" The same Monstrous Nightmare that had been attacking the village had just climbed up the cliff and smashed his bola cannon, making Hiccup's celebration short lived.

"Hiccup!" shouted Gritt, "Get out of there NOW!" Hiccup had made a run for it, while the Nightmare was hot on his tail. Gritt tried to intercept the Nightmare, but they were too far away, so he just ran after them hoping to maybe catch up. He saw Stoic a little ways off glance in Hiccup's direction, and the look on Stoic's face showed that he was mentally slapping himself for this. Stoic pointed to a few Vikings and then he ran off towards Hiccup's direction. Gritt caught up to the dragon and Hiccup when Hiccup had just hid behind the pillar of a torch, which lit up the sky so others could see the dragons in the air, to protect himself from the Nightmare's flames

Gritt had thought nothing of himself, just about protecting Hiccup from the dragon. He jumped onto the dragon's back, even though he knew it could set itself on fire, and he drew his sword and was about to plunge it into the dragon's back when the Nightmare bucked and threw Gritt off. Gritt just rolled with the throw so as not to injure himself, and turned around immediately when he got back up with his sword at the ready. "Come on, come at me!" said Gritt. The dragon flicked its tail in Gritt's direction, and hit him in the chest, flinging him a little ways off into the dirt. The buzzing in Gritt's head intensified, becoming a low rumble, and it felt like something was going to burst soon.

At that point, Gritt saw that Stoic had arrived, and he hazily saw Stoic single handedly punch the dragon back into the sky and away from the village. The rest of the dragons raiding the village soon followed suit, all of which were leaving with whatever they managed to salvage. Gritt got up and was about to escort Hiccup back to his house when his head just exploded with pain. Gritt held onto his head as if it would stop the pain. He heard a voice in his head say

something.

"YOU HAVE FINALLY AWOKEN TO YOUR DESTINY, YOUNG GRITT! YOU WILL KNOW PAIN AND SUFFERING BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS, AND YOU WILL BRING FORTH THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR RACE AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE BEEN IN CONTACT WITH! YOU WILL BRING ME TO THE HEIGHT OF MY POWER, WHETHER WILLINGLY OR NOT, I WILL MAKE YOU DO IT!" Boomed the voice in his head. Gritt was screaming his lungs out, everyone around him just stood and watched like he was possessed. He then stopped screaming, and passed out, falling onto the ground.

-present-

then I stopped screaming, and I passed out onto the ground. I didn't yet know what the Hell that voice was or why it was even in my head, but when I woke up, I knew it was going to be trouble. I prayed to Odin that it was lying to me and I wouldn't bring about the end of Berk. It was an eventful day for me, and thus began my problems of the past.

A/N: So there you have it, if you got that far. My first chapter on fanfiction, so I'm just pleading you to _pleeeeeeease _leave a review, but you don't have to if you don't want to. I just want to know how I'm doing, soâ€¦..peace out,

Lark

2. Shrouded Horizons

Disclaimer: Still don't own HTTYD or anything but Gritt, my character.

A/N: Not much to say here, so I'll get it over quick. Here's my second chapter ever, hope it's better than the last, so, read on.

-Present-

_ Many times I find myself wondering who I really am, not just who I became later in life. It always seems like when life for me gets a little weird, it comes down and heaves more weirdness down upon my life. There are no words to describe how weird my life had become the moment the voice boomed inside my head and made me pass out. What the voice spoke was true, my destiny was set and pain and misery was bound to happen to me as well as be caused by me. I didn't want that to be true, but it was, and I'm actually grateful for it, strangely. Is it not true that the harder the path one takes, the greater the rewards later in life? My destiny had been set out for me on a silver platter, and I was pushed by fate to follow it to my doom. I was tormented by my dreams while I blissfully slept unaware ofâ€¦|_

-General pov, Gritt-

` â€¦|blissfully slept unaware of where he was sleeping and how long he was out. In his dreams, Gritt was walking along the village of Berk, seeing the magnificence of the village and the sheer beauty and awe of what it was. It was indeed a perfect village in his eyes, but then everything turned dark. A great being of shadow swooped in from

far away and started to set fire to the village. Gritt was unable to move, staring at what was unfolding around him. He saw Vikings by the masses come out of their houses to fight the shadowy behemoth, but it swatted them away like flies, smashing people into rock walls, houses, or other people, killing and severely injuring many others. Gritt wanted to scream, but the dream wouldn't allow him. He wanted to scream for help, scream for it to stop, scream to just let it out, but he couldn't. He could only watch the carnage. The shadowy being then flew off towards the chief's house and blew open the front with a massive fire bolt. It then came out with a startlingly recognizable figure, which was Hiccup.

The being looked at Hiccup with a gaze filled with hunger, as if it was about to eat the boy, and it raised Hiccup towards its mouth, put his leg in its gaping maw, and chomped down on Hiccup's leg, tearing it off completely. Even though it was a dream, Gritt winced at the gruesome scene and at Hiccup's long drawn out scream. The behemoth then tossed Hiccup's limp body in Gritt's direction, having it land right in front of him. The behemoth leapt over towards where Gritt was standing, opened its mouth, and then began to speak in the voice he heard earlier, only softer than what it was in his head. "Look at this young Viking's body, boy, see what has become of it. This is what you will do to everyone around you, and to the rest of the world. Nothing will stop your power; you will destroy your friends, your family, and your allies. This is your fate, and you cannot avoid it."

Gritt looked around him, seeing bodies pile up around him, starting with Hiccup, then Stoic, then the other teens, then other Vikings, and finally, at the top of the pile of dead, stood a man with facial scarring much like Gritt's. "Your destiny is to serve me, the prophet of doom. You cannot avoid it, you cannot stop me. You can only follow me. Choose wisely, boy, or even you'll end up dead, or worse, destroy the world. Choose wisely." The man disappeared on top of the pile of dead, and Gritt could see what resided on the top. It was more people with his same scars on his face. "_Are these my family?" _Thought Gritt, and with that, Everything shattered, and he was alone in darkness, with a lingering whisper in the air.

"Choose wiselyyyyyyyâ€|"

-Line-

Gritt woke up with his head banging like someone had just hit it with a steel hammer. He looked around to get his bearings on where he was at the moment. He saw a wall on the left, which was completely barren of anything except for a sword hanging on the wall, which had a golden handle with the design of one dragon fighting the other, and it had a slight blue sheen with a hint of gold in the blue. "Oh!" Exclaimed Gritt, "how'd I end up in my house?" He looked around the house some more to see if anything was out of place. He saw on the right there was a dresser with a few fur vests hanging on it, a window with brilliant sunlight glinting through it, and on top of the dresser was a Monstrous Nightmare horn, which Gritt had taken off from the one he killed. He looked around some more, seeing that nothing was out of place, so he got up, put on one of his fur vests, and walked out of his room and towards his door. When he opened his door, he walked out towards the kill ring for preparations for tomorrow's dragon training. Before he even went one pace, he ran smack into the round belly of a blond haired and long mustached

fellow.

"Oi! Where do ya think yeh're goin', Gritt?" said the blond haired man.

"Oh, uh, Gobber, fancy meeting you here, uh, why are you at my house?" replied Gritt. He backed away slightly because he was rather close to Gobber, and he also wasn't the most pleasant smelling as well, or the prettiest looking either. He had a rotund beer belly like most Vikings, and his clothes always smelt bad. His clothes were always stained with grease and soot, all no doubt from his time working at the forge. One of his legs was normal while the other was a wooden peg. He always had a different story every time for how he lost his appendage. Gobber also had lost a hand, but instead of a hook, he made an interchangeable appendage to use for many different instances, whether it be a hook, hammer, mug, axe, sword, or pretty much anything else.

"Are ya goin' to answer mah question or what? I haven't got all day," said Gobber again tartly.

"Well, shouldn't you be at the kill ring preparing for tomorrow?" replied Gritt.

"Why would I be-" started Gobber. "Oooohhhhh, you think there's dragon trainin' tomorrow don't ya."

"Well, shouldn't there be?"

"Lad, we started yesterday."

"Wait, _yesterday_? How long have I been out?"

"About a whole day, lad. Ya had the whole village scared, with all yer screaming and yelling and prancing. Some people believe yeh were possessed by Loki himself."

"Oh yeah, that." Replied Gritt glumly. "When's the next lesson?"

"Not until tomorrow, but I don't think yeh should come fer a few days, jus' to let things cool down a bit more. Matter o' fact, don't even show yerself around the village until tomorrow. Might save yerself some trouble. Ah've got somethin' to do back at the shop, so remember, don't do anything ye'll regret later." Gobber walked off back towards his shop while muttering something about trolls and whatnot. Gritt just shook his head.

"I'm not even sure if he's really smart or just insane," said Gritt to himself. "If I shouldn't show myself to the village, then why not go look for that Night Fury Hiccup shot down. If his luck stays the same, he probably hasn't found it yet, heh." Gritt then set off towards Raven Point, hoping to Odin that Hiccup hadn't hurt himself too badly yet.

-Line-

As Gritt was making his way along the outskirts of the village, he surveyed the damage from the previous raid. He could see some houses had been blown up and burnt down, but other than that, it all looked

pretty normal and fixable. The largest amount of damage, though, was a giant scar going from a burnt pole sticking up from the ground to the sea. Gritt slapped his head after looking at this, because he knew that was the exact same pole Hiccup had hid behind when the Nightmare attacked him. As usual, Hiccup causes more damage than the dragons.

Gritt made his way away from the village without meeting anyone, and he started to explore the wilderness for signs of a downed dragon. It didn't take him long to search for the telltale damage signs when he saw that a gigantic tree had been knocked down. He looked past the tree and saw that something had slid a long distance past the tree. His breath started to quicken with anticipation. _"This must be where the Night Fury landed!"_ thought Gritt. _"I better go see if it's still there!"_

Gritt made his way down towards a giant rock, and he peered around and braced himself to see Loki himself caught in the ropes, but was disappointed when he saw nothing but a destroyed bola. "What happened here?" wondered Gritt aloud. "Where could it have gone? It was completely trapped!" Gritt was beginning to panic. If the dragon had managed to escape, it was no doubt somewhere around here, waiting for its capturer to come and kill it. He cautiously made his way up towards the snapped ropes to study them some more. When he inspected the ropes, he was shocked to find that a dragon couldn't have escaped from them alone. He saw that the rope was cleanly cut, instead of being bitten roughly by a dragon. Only a knife or sword could have done what he saw on the ropes.

"Wait," thought Gritt. _"If these ropes were cut, and the only two who knew about this were me and Hiccup, and I know that I didn't do this, then that would meanâ€¦that would mean Hiccup did thisâ€¦"_ Gritt stood up, turned around, and was about to run away when he heard a faint roar coming from behind him. "Hiccupâ€¦" whispered Gritt, and he turned around again and set off towards the roar. He ran quickly towards the noise, but stopped suddenly, feeling a buzzing again in the back of his head. "Oh Thor," whispered Gritt. "It's happening again." He ran all the faster towards Hiccup, hoping to reach him before his mind gave way again.

As Gritt ran around trees and jumped over roots and rocks, he could feel the pressure building up again in the back of his head, but he could also hear something following him closely behind, hearing it smashing against trees and brushing up against the foliage of the ground. He dared not turn around to see what was following him, both because of what he might see, and because he might trip and it would allow the thing to capture him. He could hear the thing getting closer and closer and as a last ditch effort, he jumped off to the left to dodge whatever was about to hit him, but it never came. Nothing ever went past him, it all just stopped. Even the buzzing in the back of his head had disappeared for the time being. Warily, Gritt got up and proceeded to lightly jog towards the now much louder roaring noise.

Gritt walked until he saw footprints on the ground. Realizing that those footprints were probably Hiccup's, since no one else really bothered to wander around the forest, he followed their direction until he came upon a cave-like opening in a rock wall, only big enough to fit a slightly large person. Gritt saw that there was also a set of footprints coming out of the cave as well, so he knew that

Hiccup had been here and left. When he went inside the cave, he saw something glint on the far end, so he went over to investigate. When he reached the glinting object, he picked it up and was astonished to see that it was a pitch black scale of a dragon, most presumably a Night Fury's, being that it was black. He looked out towards the cave opening to see an astonishing sight. It was a glorious cove that was surrounded on all sides by rock walls that stretched at least thirty feet up into the air. The walls had moss and plants growing all over it, as well as various nooks and crannies. Gritt also saw a beautiful lake at the center of it all, glinting in the midday sun.

As Gritt wandered out into the private paradise, he unintentionally forgot about the situation at hand because he was so lost in blissful ignorance of the beauty of the cove. He snapped out of his trance when he felt the buzzing return in his head, but it didn't feel like the other times. It felt more relaxed, more calm then when he passed out. He also thought he imagined words in the buzzing, he thought it was saying something like _:Soâ€|hatchâ€|sendâ€|me: _towards him when he realized the buzzing was actually something trying to communicate or at least say something. He shook his head to try and clear up the buzzing sound, and then everything in his head went quiet. It was all so sudden that Gritt jumped in surprise.

"What?"

:I said, so did the hatchling go find someone to send and kill me: said the mysterious voice.

"W-what? Who said that?"

:You imbecile, you don't think I don't know who you are? You're one of the Lost Tribe.:

"Lost Tribe? What are you even talking about? Who are you? Show yourself!"

:Very well, hatchling, for it may be the last thing you ever see until you explain yourself.: Gritt looked around searching for his mental tormenter until he saw a black shape show itself behind a rock on his right. It was a black dragon with piercing green eyes that were slits, and a reptilian head. It's wings were folded against its back, but they looked as if they were bat-like and very long if measured from tip to tip. The dragon had long, ear-like sensors sticking up from its head and two in between the two larger ones. It had spines sticking up every so often along it's back and towards its tail, until ending at the tailfin. The tailfin looked odd because instead of the normal two, it only had one, while the other side looked as if it was torn off.

"What are you," whispered Gritt, now wishing that he had brought along his sword.

:I am what your kind call a Night Fury. I am the protector of my nest, and I will kill you if you threaten me in any way. Now, explain yourself, hatchling. Don't lie to me.:

"I don't know what there is to explain." The dragon hissed at me, growling in anger as if it was going to strike at any moment.

_:I said don't lie! Why is a member of the Lost Tribe here? Haven't

your kind caused enough trouble?:_

"What's the Lost Tribe? I have no idea what you're talking about!" The dragon stopped growling and looked at Gritt with slightly more dilated pupils.

:You truly don't know what I'm talking about?:

"Yes! I have no idea what the Lost Tribe is or what they've done."

:Hmmâ€¦|you have no recollection of any of your past events, like it's been encased in shadow. This complicates things. They said he wasn't impaired in any way. No matter. Do you trust me?:

"I don't know how I could trust something that I've been told to kill all my life and how I could trust something that might have killed me. Why? What do you want to do?"

_:I'll explain your past, but not now. Come back in two days time to this location, not that I'll be leaving it anytime soon. Will you do it?: _Gritt thought on the offer for a moment, then said

"Only if you swear that you won't harm me."

:Agreed, I swear on the Great Creator that I will not harm you.:

"Very well, you have a deal. In two days time you will tell me about who I am and my past, but what do you want in return?"

:Bring that other hatchling with you, the one with red hair. He interests me.:

"Okay, fine, I'm going now." Gritt left the strange black dragon with a sort of churning in his stomach. He had just had an intelligent conversation with a _dragon_! Things had just gotten weirder and weirder. And why did the dragon want Hiccup? Did it know that Hiccup had shot it down? Gritt wondered how he was going to break the information to Hiccup, and if Hiccup was going to agree to his terms.

As Gritt was walking back out of the cave entrance, he heard and saw something shuffling in the brush off to his right. He picked up a stone off of the ground so he at least had something to use.

"Yeah," thought Gritt, _"Like it could even help me in a fight."_

—

The rustling grew more frantic, as if something was trying to escape from it, and then a figure broke off and started to run in the direction of the village. Gritt swore he could see red on top of the figures head. "Hiccup?" he breathed. Gritt mentally slapped himself again, and for the third time that day, ran after Hiccup.

-Hiccup, a few minutes earlier-

_"What have I doneâ€¦|" _thought Hiccup. _"That dragon is as good as dead with one tailfin. It can't even escape that coveâ€¦|"_ He was just walking back to the village after observing the dragon he had finally managed to shoot down. He was walking up towards where he

first found the dragon when he heard a sound like someone running, and it was coming in his direction as well. Hiccup hastily dove into the brush in an effort to conceal himself from whatever was coming after him. He was surprised to see that it was Gritt running down towards him, but something was off with him. His face betrayed the fact that he was deathly afraid of something, and he was trying to avoid it. It was as if he was running from something that was pursuing him. Hiccup just watched as Gritt jumped off to the left in an effort to lose his nonexistent pursuer, then get up and dust himself off as if nothing happened. Hiccup then watched as Gritt continued to the entrance to the cove and walk inside.

"_He's going to discover that I let the dragon go. This isn't good, not good at all. What can I do? I can't confront him, and I can't tail him. He'll find out either way. Ughâ€¦ I'll just wait out here and brace for what comes next," _thought Hiccup. He stayed in his hiding spot until Gritt came back out. _"Okay, time to leave," _thought Hiccup again, and then he crept his way out of his hiding spot, but he rustled the leaves around him in an effort in doing so, so he threw away all caution and sprinted back up towards the village. He turned around to see if Gritt was pursuing him, and sure enough, he was. That is, until a great black shape burst through the trees and tackled him to the ground.

Hiccup fell back in complete surprise at the events unfolding around him. "Oh gods, oh gods, oh godsâ€¦" he hyperventilated. Everything just got worse and worse. First he destroyed the village, and then he got sent into dragon training, and now he was going to witness his only friend get mauled by a dragon. Upon thinking that the dragon was the Night Fury getting revenge on someone, Hiccup realized that the dragon in front of him now bore no resemblance whatsoever to the dragon that he had shot down. It had a midnight black hide with four legs, much like the Night Fury's, but the claws were much more like a Monstrous Nightmare's, long, sharp, and large enough to hold a small human prisoner. It's back was riddled with spikes of various sizes and lengths, making it so that if anyone fell on its back, they would be impaled and killed almost instantly. Its head was the worst of all. It had a head like a Nightmare's, but instead of four horns, it had six, and all of them stuck out of the head and pointed straight outwards. Its eyes were bright red. The eyes were capable of installing fear into anything, even the fearless. They had no pupils, just the bright red shining out and into its enemy's souls. The evil dragon's maw was filled to the brim with oversized fangs, many of which overlapped each other. They all gave the impression, though, that they were capable of tearing, crushing, and killing with ease. The dragon looked like pure evil, and it was about to kill Gritt, or so Hiccup thought.

-With Gritt, first person pov-

The buzzing in the back of my head had returned with greater force than ever, and then it burst when the great black behemoth leapt on top of me and knocked me to the ground. I could hear it's voice grating against my consciousness, shaking my entire being. _:"Foolish hatchling, I told you that you cannot escape your destiny. I told you that you would feel pain and suffering beyond your wildest dreams. Now you will feel the pain, and you will begin your destiny, here and now, with what my master wishes you to do.:"_

The black behemoth opened its razor sharp maw and bit down upon my

shoulder, tearing into it hungrily, but it didn't tear off my shoulder. It just sunk its teeth in and pulled out, allowing the blood to flow freely. I can't say I didn't scream, because it was painful. It was beyond painful. It blotted out everything else and just focused in on the pain. I could feel something churning within the wound, something of great power had been forced into my body, and it wasn't leaving anytime soon. The behemoth looked up at me. _:It is done. You have two weeks to relay your allegiance with my master, or he will force you to. Either way, you will come under his control. Two weeks.:_

The black behemoth got up off my body and flew off into the air, showering twigs and leaves onto my prone figure. For the second time in two days, I passed out.

-With Hiccup, general pov-

Hiccup could only stare in shock as the black behemoth bit Gritt on the shoulder. He could only watch as the behemoth released Gritt and flew off into the air. Only when he was sure it was gone did he go up to see if Gritt was okay. "Oh gods, Gritt, are you okay," he said. When Gritt didn't answer, he was getting a little worried. "Okay," he said. "I'm out in the middle of the forest with no one around. The only thing I can do is drag or carry him back and then get help." It was a long shot for sure, but he had to do it. Unbeknownst to Hiccup, the wound on Gritt's shoulder was already healing and scabbing over. In fact, the scabs looked surprisingly like black scales.

-With the dragon, general pov-

The black behemoth dragon flew quickly over the sea after leaving Berk behind. It was only a couple of boring hours until it found what it was looking for. It was a small island, about half the size of Berk, but a giant crater was located at the center of it. The dragon dived down towards the center of the crater and landed with a loud thud. "So I hope you were successful with your mission, am I right?" said a voice behind the dragon. "You know that this needs to happen exactly the way I planned or it will all go to Hel."

:Of course master, when am I never successful?:

"You're right, who am I to doubt my best servant? I need you to get the other one next, the one they call Hiccup. He's all part of the plan. Here's what you need to do nextâ€¦"

The dragon and man conversed for a while, chuckling every once in a while. The man was the one from Gritt's dreams, complete with a bald head and facial scarring much like Gritt's as well. His eyes were a startling light blue, and he had an aura of power around him.

"Right. So did you get all of that? Now go my faithful servant, go and help me rule the world." The dragon took off again in some random direction, searching for its next task. "You're mine Gritt, all mine," he said.

-With Gritt, general pov-

Gritt woke up in his house again, but this time in the middle of the night. The previous day's events were unfolding in Gritt's mind

again. He looked over at his shoulder and was surprised to see that it had healed, but was shocked to see that instead of scabs, he saw black scales covering the teeth marks. He wondered what would become of him.

-Present-

“I wondered what would become of me. Could my life have gotten any weirder? I had just gotten bitten by a dragon and had the wound heal over with scales. True, I didn't know anything about my adversary then, but my story only makes sense if I show it now. I was ready to learn about my past from the downed Night Fury. I felt like all weirdness should be brushed off and taken in stride then. My destiny was set, and I blindly rushed into it.”

A/N- There you have it, the end of chapter two. I hope it was better than my last chapter. I'm trying to tie in the actual movie with the story and I'm not sure I'm doing it well enough. If not, could you please tell me? I'm still pretty new at this, and I like encouragement for what I'm doing wrong. I just want to know your thoughts on my story, so, peace out.

Lark

3. Revelations of the Past

Disclaimer: HTTYD is still not mine, only Gritt is mine.

A/N: Here's chapter three, hope you like it.

-Present-

“Something is seriously wrong with my life. I'm sure of it. Not only have I woken up in the middle of the night and discover that I healed ridiculously fast, but I also discovered that the wound was covered over with black scales. That doesn't happen every day to others, does it? If it did, I'd be afraid. Anyways, I should get back on track. I really hate how fast things progress in my life, I really do. Technically, in two days, I had gotten knocked down multiple times, bitten, shown that I would end life as we know it, and find an elusive dragon. Pretty good for two days work, right? Well, that was nothing compared to what I did later, such as help in taking down a giant dragon, but more on that later. On with the story. After I woke up and discovered that my wound was covered over with scales”

-With Gritt, general pov-

“covered over with scales, he really couldn't get back to sleep. The events from the day rushed past him again. "Okay," he said. "I met a Night Fury who said I was a member of the Lost Tribe, and he promised that he would tell me about my past. I also got jumped on by another big black dragon, which also proceeded to bite my shoulder, which healed over with scales." The buzzing in Gritt's head intensified for a second, then went down, then intensified again. Gritt hit his head a few times to clear the buzzing sound, but it persisted. Gritt wondered if something was trying to talk to him, because whenever his head buzzed, something spoke directly into his mind. He tried concentrating on clearing his mind first, but it

didn't work. If anything, it made the buzzing noise more irritating than before, so Gritt tried another method. He pictured the Night Fury from before to see if that helped. To his surprise, he could hear some words forming out of the buzzing, but none were clear enough to be recognizable.

He tried concentrating harder on the dragon, but to no avail. He wasn't able to connect with whatever was trying to contact him, so he tried a different approach. He put on his fur vest, took his sword, remembering what happened last time, and walked out into the moonlight to go towards the cove of the Night Fury.

-Line-

Managing to get to the cove without anything exciting happen, Gritt tried to communicate through the buzzing in his head again, and was rewarded with a bittersweet message from an irritated dragon. _ :Thank the Great Creator. Took your sweet time in trying to contact me? It's not like we have a crisis on our hands right now. : _

Gritt really didn't know how to respond, knowing that he conversed with the dragon orally last time they met. _ :Is it really that hard to figure out, you imbecile? Just think what you want me to hear, and I'll hear it. It's not that hard. : _

_ :Oh, you wanna be a smartass now, do you?: _Thought Gritt, hoping to irk the irritable Night Fury.

_ :Shut up, just get over here. It's urgent, and it involves Hiccup as well. : _

_ :Wait, Hiccup? How do you know Hiccup? How long have I been out?: _

_ :Well, first off, you've been out for two whole days, and second, Hiccup's visited me over that time, gaining my trust with a fish, and helping me fly again, although it wasn't really a great flight with him riding on my back, but enough talk, get over here now! : _

Gritt just shrugged his shoulders to no one in particular, and entered the little cave that led towards the cove. When he got inside, he saw that the Night Fury was pacing around the lake, obviously troubled by something. Gritt also noticed a contraption was attached on the Night Fury's missing tailfin. It looked like an artificial tail. "So that's what you were talking about, with Hiccup helping you fly and all." He jumped down onto the ground to meet up with the troubled dragon. "So what's this great crisis I've been hearing about?" said Gritt.

_ :Oh nothing, just a freakin' deadline rushing up to us. What did that traitor say to you when he bit you on the shoulder?: _Said the Night Fury.

"Traitor? Oh, you mean that big black dragon. He said that I had two weeks to pledge my allegiance to his master, and why do you call it a traitor, what is it even?"

_ :I should explain. The dragon that attacked you is what we call the Black Death, but it calls itself by the name of Rotfang. That dragon used to be a dragon of the nest I live in, but he left one day for no

apparent reason, then came back with a much bigger dragon, which we also call the Red Death. The Red Death was about fifty times bigger than him, and it took over the nest, putting every single dragon, including me, under its control. Rotfang then used it to make us raid your village every so often, and then we had to give all that food to the dragon to keep it from eating us instead. It became our reason to live or die, and we couldn't escape from it. Now, back to the situation at hand. Rotfang said you had two weeks? Then that means we only have twelve days left.:_

"Twelve days left for what?" questioned Gritt. He was a little less confused, now that he knew what had attacked him, but still thoroughly confused at what the dragons were. "What are you going to do," questioned Gritt again.

:Twelve days to take down the Red Death, Rotfang, and whatever else under his control, or you'll be lost to him, and then down goes Berk. I'm going to use ten of those days to train you to fight as a dragon, and during your training, you will slowly transform into a dragon. What Rotfang did to you was destroy the barrier in your body that prevented your dragon side from emerging. In a few days time, your body will undergo a metamorphosis that will transform you into a dragon, but with my training, you may be able to revert back into human form, making you all the deadlier.:

"Wait, dragon form? What? Just who am I? What am I! Tell me!" yelled Gritt, now so thoroughly confused to make himself pass out again, gods forbid, but he managed to hold onto himself.

:You want to know who you are? I can't give you exactly who you are and what your purpose is, but I can tell you your people's origins. Are you ready?:

"I don't know how I can be, with all this information being loaded on top of me."

_:Fair enough. It all began long ago, long before even your ancestors were born. There were three tribes of dragons, each of inhabiting a certain area. First was the Ancient tribe, a tribe of holy dragons that governed the land, shaping it into what it is now. They were descendents of the Great Creator himself, all born to keep peace within the world and to promote stability. Second was the Lesser Tribe. This tribe still exists today, being every dragon that you see. These dragons were created solely to inhabit the world to just exist and to live, just like you. The last Tribe was the Exalted Tribe. These dragons were the leaders of the Lesser Tribe, directing them where to live and to stay. The chain of command went from the Ancient Tribe, who controlled the Exalted Tribe, who controlled the Lesser Tribe. It was an order of perfect stability for ages. No wars were committed and nothing ever went wrong, but like every perfect civilization, something does. It started with an Exalted Tribe commander by the name of Sol. Sol had been born with an extraordinary power that had troubled even the greatest of the Ancient Tribe. He could command every dragon around him to do his bidding. The Ancient Tribe just brushed off this power, thinking that he wouldn't be corrupt and disrupt the order of the world. They were wrong. Sol had corrupted every dragon of the exalted tribe with his thoughts of power and leadership, and he sent every dragon from the Exalted Tribe to fight the Ancient Tribe, believing that if he conquered them, he would become the most powerful being in the world. However, Sol's

plan backfired when his own dragons turned on him, enraged by the fact that they were losing because of his own stupidity. In a last ditch effort, Sol took control of the dragon's minds, and sent them all in a bloody battle against the Ancient Tribe, leading into deaths on both Tribes. The Ancient Tribe dragons eventually won the battle, and imprisoned Sol within the earth, masking the entrance so no one could ever find him and accidentally release him. This act ensured the defeat of the Exalted Tribe, and in punishment, the Ancient Tribe stripped them of their name, and called them the Lost Tribe. Furthermore, they turned each and every one of the dragons into humans, placing them on the earth with the lesser dragons, no longer the leaders of a perfect civilization. The Ancient Tribe also placed markings on their faces, to show the Lesser Tribe that this was one of the Lost Tribe. Every descendent of the first of the Lost Tribe was treated with scorn and harassment, but soon, the Tribe disappeared without a trace. Few of the Tribe were ever seen again, and when they showed themselves, it meant a great cataclysm was about to happen, and they never failed to disappoint. The last time one of the Lost Tribe was seen, it was about 350 years ago, and that was the cause of a plague that killed billions of dragons and Humans. The Lost Tribe had fallen into myth and legend until you came along. Now we can be sure of what's to come next, and if you are corrupted by Rotfang, life as we know it may come to an end. That is why you must be trained. We must destroy Rotfang to ensure that you won't be the cause of a great cataclysm. Are you with me?:_

"With you?" said Gritt incredulously. "I've been brought up my whole life to not trust dragons, and in a few short days, I meet a dragon who says I'm an ancestor of a corrupt tribe of dragons. How can I even believe that! What if this is just a scheme to get me to betray my own tribe! Listen, dragon, I still don't trust you, and I probably never will."

_:What!: _said the dragon. _:I'm telling nothing but the truth! You sounded pretty trusting a few hours ago, before I told you that story. Hel, you sounded more trusting when I first met you. What in the Great Creator's name made you so distrusting of me?:_

"Oh I don't know, maybe the story! How can I be a descendant of dragons! You know what? I think I'm going. Go and whine your lies to someone else."

:You ungrateful little hatchling! I'm doing this for the good of everyone! Not just myself!: The dragon's eyes were flashing green and slits, not hiding his anger at being rejected one bit.

:And guess what? I don't think you'll be accepted back at the village anymore. Look at your face.: Gritt stormed over to the pond to see what the Night Fury was ranting about. When he looked in the reflection, he recoiled in shock. His eyes were no longer human. Instead of his normal eyes, the irises had turned an amber color, and his pupils became slits instead of round. _:But you know what?:_ started the dragon again. _:Go ahead, go back. See what I care anymore. Just don't come back to me when they shun you out.:_ Gritt was about to reply when they both heard a recognizable voice float through the air

"Oh, Tooooooooothleeeeeessss, where are you Toothless buddy?" Gritt and the dragon both looked at each other in alarm. They hadn't realized how much time they had wasted, and it was already midday, and Hiccup

had come to visit his dragon. They both shared a look that said a thousand words. It was time to ignore their differences and try to get out of the situation. Gritt ran away and hid behind some rocks while the dragon turned towards the lake and started to take a drink, trying to act normal. "Toothless, there you are buddy. I've got something I want to try today, and I think you might like it." Gritt, now a little more used to mind connections, connected with 'Toothless', and started to talk to him.

:Seriously? Toothless? Is that now your name?: said Gritt while snickering softly to himself.

_:Shut up. I thought you wanted nothing to do with me.: _replied the snarky dragon.

:Now that I think on it, I overreacted a bit, but I still don't believe the descended from dragons part. What are we going to do now?:

_ :I don't know what _you're _gonna do, but _I'm_ gonna hang out with my buddy Hiccup here. Have fun.:_

"I don't know if I'm going to _really _hate that dragon or like that dragon," whispered Gritt to himself. _:What if I showed myself to Hiccup?: _said Gritt to Toothless.

:Your funeral, do it if-oh no, oh no no no, no, get that away from me, get, get, oh no no no noâ€¦|: Gritt peeked out from his hiding spot to see a hilarious scene. Hiccup had just lifted up a saddle that he probably designed for Toothless, and the dragon was having none of it. Toothless bounded around the lake, and Hiccup charged after him, determined to get the saddle on. Toothless eventually complied with having the saddle on his back, albeit reluctantly, and before Hiccup climbed up on top of the moody dragon, Gritt decided it was time to show himself. He walked out from behind his hiding spot and said one word.

"Hiccup."

Hiccup shot a look over towards Gritt's position, and proceeded to fall off of Toothless' back and start fumbling his words like crazy.

"Oh, uh, Gritt, uh, w-what are you, you doing here, uh, Gritt? Um, you see my, uh, dragon, your, uh, here, in front of me. In front of me and my dragon. Oh Gods, you know about me now. Do whatever you want. Beat me, harass me, just don't tell my father about this, he-"

"Hiccup, calm down," said Gritt. "I've known about this for a while, and I won't tell anybody. I'm in this as deep as you, possibly deeper."

"W-wait, you are? Oh gods, what happened to your eyes?"

"Remember that big black dragon that attacked me two days ago?" Hiccup nodded his head, remembering the situation rather vividly. "Well, it apparently turned me into a half dragon when it bit me, and in a few days short time, I'll be a dragon."

Hiccup looked rather thoughtful for a moment, now well calmed down after seeing Gritt wasn't a threat. "Well, it does make sense, with the eyes and all, but why are you here anyways?"

_:Don't say anything about our conversation!: _said Toothless suddenly

"Well," said Gritt, "I wanted to visit the dragon again, being that it already trusted me, hopefully." He shot a look towards Toothless that said a lot more than what he just said.

_:Hey, don't look at me, I need your help as well. Oh, come on! I completely trusted you when I first met you!: _Toothless said, he then adopted a sort of pouty look on his face and turned away, slightly dejected.

"Listen, Hiccup," said Gritt. "I need your help to, ah, disappear, to say the least."

"Disappear, as in, fake your own death?" guessed Hiccup.

"Well, obviously. I can't go back to the village looking like this, now, can I. Here, take my vest and shred it a bit." Gritt took off his vest and handed it to Hiccup. He also pulled out his own small sword and was about to cut himself.

"Whoa, whoa! What are you doing Gritt?" exclaimed Hiccup

"We have to make it at least believable. Might as well use my blood so you don't get some unwanted stares back in the village." Gritt then cut himself on the arm, stifling a scream being that it was a rather large and uneven cut. "Quick, give me the vest, the vest!" Hiccup handed the slightly slashed vest back to Gritt, and Gritt held up his arm and allowed blood to start running down onto the vest. "There, that should do it. Run back to the village and say you found these somewhere far from here. I'll stay here for now, until something else might change it. Here, take my sword as well, it'll make it more believable that I died protecting myself" Gritt handed Hiccup his bloodied sword as well.

"Okay," said Hiccup, "See you tomorrow maybe?"

"Don't count on it, now go! Go!" Hiccup raced away with the vest and sword, not turning back at all when he left the cove to fake Gritt's death. Toothless then walked up to where Gritt was and then sat down.

_:So, faking your own death.: _said the dragon.

"It's not like I have any other choice. Look at my arm! It already healed over with scales. I can't go back to the village looking like this either. I'd basically be as good as dead." Gritt held up his arm and point to his eyes to emphasize the point.

:Fair enough, but what do we do now? I can't possibly train you today, took too much energy running away from the leathery thing on my back.:

"We can talk, can't we?"

:Talk about what?:

"Talk about why you don't sound like you did when we first met."

_:Isn't it obvious?: _snorted the dragon. _:I was wary about you too, so I didn't want to give anything away about myself, so I sounded cold and demanding. I'm actually quite nice and fun, given how much I like a person.:_

"Like Hiccup?"

:Yeah, like him. He's helping me restore my flight, you know.:

"You do know he's the one that knocked you down, right?"

:Well, yeah, but I forgave him. Like you, I was brought up my whole life to distrust humans and kill them when need be. Hiccup changed that, being that he let me go, so I spared him. He showed me kindness and compassion after what he did to me, and I respect him for that.:

"Fair enough, but why did you trust me when you saw me and knew I was a Lost Tribe member?"

:You just felt trusting, and I wanted to trust you as well, being that I had just learned all humans were not that vicious.:

"Hmmâ€¦ We've been here for almost the whole day, haven't we." Gritt said. He was right. The sun was disappearing below the horizon, enveloping the island with darkness. "I don't know about you, Toothless, but I'm going to bed." Gritt searched around the cove, looking for a good spot that he could go to sleep in. After what seemed like an hour, he finally found one near the entrance, and laid down on the soft, cushy plants and bushes, and fell asleep immediately.

-Line-

Gritt's dreams were tormented again by the same man he saw in the previous dream. He was standing in Berk, basking in the perfectness of it all, when suddenly he saw himself standing in front of him. His other self spoke in the voice he'd been hearing all the times before. "You know what you are now, you know what you came from. Now show me what you can become. Show me your true power." Gritt's other self morphed into a hideous shadow with wings, and then proceeded to lay waste to the village again. The dream shifted and churned until it was nothing but shadow and another person standing a little ways away. The man turned towards Gritt, and started walking towards him. It was the same man from his dreams, the bald headed man with the markings on his face.

"Ah, Gritt, I was wondering when you would show up. Now we can have a nice little chat about your future. Are you willing to join me yet?"

"Who are you?" questioned Gritt, "and why are you messing with my life?"

"Don't get so mad at me, boy. I'm just here to look out for your safety here. No doubt the Night Fury told you of your past, and I'll answer that question now. It's all true, not just a legend. You and I are both descendants of the Lost Tribe, but I'm here to exact revenge on the world for what they did to us. I am going to release Sol from his earthen prison. You will help me, whether you like it or not, in releasing him. He will destroy the world and bring it under his power, allowing us to lead with him for helping him escape. You have eleven days, boy, until you willingly accept my offer. If not, I'll kill you with the rest of the world, and sit upon my throne, ruling forever."

"What's your name then, if you're so sure that you'll succeed?"

"My name? My name is Vahr. They call me the Prophet of Doom. Do well to remember that. I await your answer tomorrow night, whether it be good or bad." Gritt was about to reply when he faded away, and then Gritt fell back into a deep sleep, and didn't dream again.

-Day 4-

Gritt woke up the following morning to the sound of someone yelling and a dragon roaring, and then a mighty thump made him jump up at the ready for an attack. "Oh, come on. It nearly worked that time. Want to try again Toothless? No? Okay then, let's rest for now." Gritt saw that Hiccup had gotten to the cove early, and he and Toothless had been trying to fly again, but they failed again. Gritt chanced a look at his shoulder to see how far the scales had spread, and was surprised to see that the black scales had covered his entire left shoulder. _"At this rate, I'll probably be a dragon in six days," _thought Gritt. He walked out into the clearing to go talk with the duo, but was stopped short when he saw a black dot on the horizon. He quickly contacted Toothless through his mind

_:Toothless! Look up in the sky! Is that what I think it is?: _said Gritt. Toothless looked up as well, then started growling and adopted a protective stance around Hiccup.

:It's Rotfang! We have to hide now!:

_ :There's nowhere to hide you dolt! We have to stand and fight!:_

_ :With what, exactly? You no longer have your sword, you know.:_

_ :I always come prepared.: _With that, Gritt pulled a long and wicked knife out of his boot. He always kept it in his boot in case he ever lost his sword. The only time he didn't have it in his boot was when he met Toothless for the first time. "Bring it on, dragon!" The giant dragon landed in the cove and knocked Toothless out cold with one swing of its enormous tail. It turned towards Hiccup, slowly advancing on the boy.

_:Master needs this boy for his plans, oh yes. I never disappoint Master. Time to come with me, you miserable hatchling: _said Rotfang wickedly.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," whispered Gritt, and he ran towards the dragon and jumped impossibly high into the air. He landed on Rotfang's back and plunged his knife into the dragon's back up to the hilt. The dragon roared with pain, throwing Gritt off of his back

with a mighty heave. The dragon turned towards Gritt and roared loudly again.

_:You insolent little hatchling! I'm going to kill you for that!"
_Rotfang opened up his mouth and prepared to bite down upon Gritt's prone form once again.

-Present-

"and he prepared to bite down upon my prone form once again. I had learned a lot about myself all in one day, learning that I was descended from the Lost Tribe. I was slowly changing into a dragon, and had a deadline to swear my allegiance to a crazed man. Not good. I had basically ten days left to defeat the dragon and man, but it wasn't going to be easy, not easy at all, a

"Gritt! Open up! Open up quick!" Gritt put down his pencil and got up from his desk. He rushed over to the door and opened it up.

"Hiccup! What's wrong?" questioned Gritt

"There are ships out on the horizon! They mean to attack us!" yelled Hiccup. Gritt and Hiccup raced out of the house and saw the spectacle that was approaching them. A fleet of fifty ships were sailing towards Berk, but they bore no markings of a recognizable Viking tribe. Gritt saw dragons and Vikings get ready for the imminent battle to come.

"So," said Gritt. "The War of the Lost has begun." With that, Gritt took up his sword, and rushed down towards the docks, ready to fight.

A/N: The end of chapter three. I added a little cliffhanger to the end to spice things up. Hope you liked it. Please R&R, I need it badly. Peace out,

Lark

4. A Destiny Revealed

Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD, only my OC's

A/N: Sorry for such a long time in waiting for an update. I've been on vacation, and I couldn't write while I was there, which sucks. Anyways, I have to thank DarkLord98 for reviewing my story. It really helps me when I get feedback on what I write, being that I'm slightly new at this, so thanks. After all that, here's my next chapter. Hope it's good.

-Present-

_A week. One friggen week. That's how long our enemy is giving us to surrender without a fight. Our enemy is one that even I'm unsure of, one from my past obviously, but I can't explain it right here and right now. I have to explain it through my story, otherwise nothing will make sense. I have a week to finish this tale before I have to fight for my life in a war that I created. Nothing makes sense in life. Ever. One just has to take it in stride to make a living and survive. So I had just been knocked downagain, by the same dragon,

Rotfang, the Black Death. Now he was out to get my blood, more or less, but I had an idea of how I could get out of this oneâ€¦|_

-Gritt, first pov-

â€¦|how I could get out of this one as his fangs lunged toward my body. I said before that I always came prepared and brought a second weapon with me at all times. Well, I go even further beyond being prepared. I bring a third knife, casually hidden in my _other_ boot. Some say that I go a little overboard, but hey, a Viking's life is tough. I have to be prepared for the worst outcome. I reached into my fur boot and pulled out a similar knife to the one I had just stuck in Rotfang's back. I rolled out of the way of his fangs as I reached up and stabbed him in the nose. The behemoth of a dragon immediately recoiled from pain, and it reached behind its back and grasped the knife I had stuck there with its enormous hand-like claws. It pulled the knife out of its back with a hefty pull, and then flung the knife in my direction. It narrowly missed my face by mere centimeters, burying up to the hilt within _rock_. Now I was scared.

-General pov-

Gritt knew he had only one chance at surviving when he saw the raging dragon charge at him. He was backed up against a stone wall with only a knife as a weapon. He knew that the chance was a really small one as well, being that he was never good with knives, whether it be fighting or throwing them. "Come on, come on. Odin, please help me with this one," prayed Gritt. He aimed his knife at the dragon, and threw it, hoping to halt the beast at the very least. He was rewarded with a painful roar that most likely woke up the entire island. Gritt looked at what damage he had done to the massive dragon, and was surprised to see that he had imbedded his knife in the giant dragon's right eye, permanently half-blinding the dragon.

:Oh, I'm going to make you suffer when my master gets a hold of you, hatchling. â€¦|wait, what is that smell? It smells likeâ€¦|oh, this is too easy. Hatchling, I must have unleashed your dragon half when I bit you that first time. Here, let me speed up the process.: The behemoth dragon advanced on Gritt, and since Gritt now had no weapon, he could only helplessly watch as the dragon pinned him and bit his other shoulder. Gritt felt nothing this time, just a weird sensation spreading out from the bite like a disease. _:Now you have seven days at most before you're under my master's control. You'd do well to not ignore him any longer.:_

The dragon was no longer maddened from the pain of the battle, it just flew off into the air, not even bothering to take out the knife that destroyed its eye, and yelled a final comment back at Gritt. _:You may have set my master's plans off by a few weeks, but you quickened your own doom in the process!:_

Gritt couldn't see straight anymore. His vision was becoming blurry and unfocused to the point of blacking out, and before he passed out again, he looked at his hands, which were no longer hands, but claws covered with black scales. Before he passed out, he was able to comprehend one final thought. _"Oh shit."_

-Day 5-

Gritt woke up the next day feeling quite woozy and disoriented from the fight. He tried to stand up, but wasn't able to find his footing, and he fell back down, deciding not to try again for a little while. "Hey," said a voice over to his left. "You okay? You took quite a beating from that giant dragon. Let me see what I can do for you." Gritt turned his head around and saw that Hiccup was there, gently tending to his body. The boy looked slightly smaller from Gritt's vantage point, and he couldn't figure out what was wrong until he tried to speak. Instead of words coming out of his mouth, a soft growl came out. "Whoa there buddy," said Hiccup. "I'm not gonna hurt you." He looked away dejectedly for a moment and murmured a surprising comment. "I just wish Gritt were here. He'd probably know what to do in this situation. All I did was run from that big dragon when I saw it. I should have fought it like Gritt. Now he's probably dead because of me." Hiccup sat down, no longer tending to Gritt's body.

_:But I'm right here Hiccup.: _said Gritt again, but then he realized something was off. _:Oh dear gods! I'm a dragon!:_Gritt looked down at his body and saw that he had four legs and a long tail with four tailfins sticking out of the edges. The first two were normal like Toothless', but the other two were slimmer and longer and also higher up than the first two. Gritt couldn't see the rest of his body, but he was able to confirm one thing. He had turned into a dragon, and a Night Fury at that. He got up to look at his reflection in the pond. He saw that his face looked exactly like Toothless' except for the fact that one of his teeth was pitch black instead of a pristine white. He could see three slightly blue streaks that began at his nose and that flowed all the way down his back towards his tale, looking like stripes. _:Well, this is a surprise. I'm a dragon earlier than expected. How great.: _said Gritt sarcastically to no one in particular.

_:Yeah, great. Now what's happening here?: _said a voice over to his right. It sounded rather woozy and disoriented, and Gritt spotted Toothless slowly walking over towards the spot Hiccup was sitting on. _:Wait, what are _you _doing here in my cove?: _said Toothless, looking slightly angered for an odd reason.

_:Whoa whoa whoa, why so hostile all of a sudden, Toothless?: _replied Gritt.

_:What! How do you know that name! I don't even know you! Get out! Out! Stay away from my Human!:_Toothless was more than a little angry at this time. He roared as loudly as he could and bounded towards Gritt at a startling fast speed. Even though Gritt had no idea what was going on, he got the picture and started to run away. Hiccup fell off of the rock he was sitting on in surprise.

:What the Hel has gotten into you! You must be joking! Of course you know me! I saved your sorry ass just yesterday from Rotfang, don't you remember!:

_ :What do you mean _you_ saved _me _from Rotfang! That was all my doing! You weren't even here at the time!:_Toothless started to build up combustible gas inside his mouth, readying a fire blast of terrifying power. He stopped for a split second, and then fired at Gritt. Gritt didn't have much time to think about what was going on from the moment he woke up to this point, but being who he was, he was always able to figure out the obvious. He had only one thought

after the bolt hit him on the head.

_:What the Hel is going on |: _Gritt promptly passed out for the umpteenth time.

-Line-

Gritt woke up in a dank cavern feeling lost and confused as usual. He realized that he wasn't a dragon anymore, but his hopes were soon shattered by the voice behind him.

"Feeling confused, boy? You should be." Gritt turned around to come face to face with Vahr.

"Maybe just a little," replied Gritt a little sarcastically. "Think you could fill me in a bit, or is that not allowed?"

"All in due time, boy," answered Vahr. "I don't think you fully understand your situation, boy. First, you're still a dragon."

"Mind telling me how? I'm here as a human, right?"

"Only subconsciously. Second, the Night Fury's memory of you has been wiped clean. I bet you've managed to figure that out on your own, am I right?"

"Maybe, maybe not."

"And third, you'll be under my control in about six days."

"Just how will you be able to do that?"

"I'll tell you, boy, if you're willing to listen. My people call me a telepath. I can directly control other's minds and listen to their deepest thoughts and secrets. I am the most powerful of the Lost Tribe. That is why you will come under my control in six days. I'll break your fragile mind and use it to my content. As for your friend's memory loss, I'll fill you in on that as well. You already know Rotfang, but you don't know about his little talent. He's a descendent of the Exalted Overlord Sol, and being a descendant of Sol, he can control minds to a degree, but unlike me, he cannot control them. I was blessed by Sol many years ago. I am his greatest servant. He gave me his power over minds, and I use it to enforce his will. That is why he-" Vahr was cut off by a distant rumbling that echoed throughout the cave.

"QUIET, VAHR! DON'T TELL THE HATCHLING OF YOUR PLANS! INSTEAD, LET ME SHOW HIM SOMETHING THAT WILL SHAKE HIS CONFIDENCE!"

Vahr dropped to the ground, kneeling as if he was praising a king. "Do with him as you wish, my lord." Vahr looked over towards Gritt. "My lord Sol wishes to show you something." Vahr grinned and vanished from Gritt's view. The rest of the cave soon followed suit and Gritt spiraled into the unknown.

-Line-

Gritt was woken up by a voice shouting a name into his face.

_:Shadowfang! Wake up you miserable reptile! Wake up!: _Gritt's body was jolted awake, but it wasn't Gritt that was controlling it. It was

as if he was looking through the eyes of another's body. Gritt realized that it was another dragon that was trying to wake up the body that he inhabited.

_:Alright! I'm up. What's the big deal anyways, Spitfire?: _said the body Gritt inhabited. Gritt now knew he wasn't able to do anything, so he just resigned himself to watching the events unfold around him. He knew that he was looking from the eyes of a dragon called Shadowfang, and that there was another dragon that resembled a giant Nightmare. He remembered the words that were spoken to him before the cave faded.

"Let me show him something that will destroy his confidence." Gritt inwardly shuddered at the thought of what might happen to him during this. He turned his focus back onto the situation going on.

_:It's time to end Sol.: _said Spitfire _:He broke everyone else's minds but ours and a few others. We're his most trusted generals. It's time we betray him and end this foolish war with the Ancient Tribe. It's all his fault. Come on, he's summoned us to talk about if there will be a final attack on the Ancient Tribe._

Shadowfang got up from the spot he was lying on. _:Hmph. I guess we have to convince him to do it then. Let's go._ Before the two dragons left, the one called Shadowfang went towards a nearby pool to take a drink of water. As Shadowfang moved his head towards the water, Gritt saw a startling sight. The face that was reflecting off the water was the same one he had saw when he woke up after getting turned into a dragon. The scene playing out before him started to fade into blackness after he saw his reflection.

_"Was that me right then?" _thought Gritt. _"Is this a memory of one of my ancestors or something? This is weird. Really, really, weird."_

-Line-

Gritt woke up for real sprawled out on the ground next to the pool of water in the cove. He didn't get up in fear of Toothless attacking him again, so he stayed put on the ground and mulled over his dreams while he nursed his aching head. He thought about what Vahr had said about him and Rotfang being able to control minds. Gritt remembered that Rotfang had knocked Toothless out the day he attacked them, and he pieced together the idea that maybe Rotfang had wiped Toothless' memories clean of anything that contained Gritt in them. If so, then that meant that Gritt would have to regain the dragon's trust all over again. It would also mean that Toothless didn't know that Gritt was a member of the Lost Tribe or anything like that.

Gritt also thought about what Sol had shown him. The Overlord had said it would shake his confidence, but it didn't shake anything at all. The strange vision of the past only fueled Gritt's confusion over the past day's events. He thought that maybe he hadn't seen the whole vision, that there was more to it than the reflection. Whatever it was, Gritt knew it wasn't good. The last thing he thought about was why he was taking it all so calmly and not stressing out over it. It was as if he was ready for something like this to happen, like it was inevitable. It was as if he was prepared for this exact event.

_ :Hey, you, are you awake?: _said a voice behind him. Gritt turned

around and saw Toothless slowly walking towards him. The dragon seemed less agitated then before and more relaxed given he wasn't tensed up and ready to spring into action. Gritt snorted loudly and turned his head away.

_:What's it to you?: _replied Gritt _:Going to knock me out again?:
_Toothless whined softly like a sad puppy and turned his head away as well.

_:I, uh, came toâ€¦to apologize for what took place a few hours ago.:
_The dragon sounded genuinely sincere, so Gritt turned his head back to look at the dragon.

_ "A few hours?" _thought Gritt. _ "I must've been out for a lot less than I thought." _ He was about to say something when Toothless interjected.

_:My human kind of saved you from my rage. He rushed over to your body and put himself in front of it, and then explained the situation as best as he could.: _said the sullen Night Fury. _:He said that you meant no harm to him or me, and that you had saved both of us from the giant dragon from earlier, meaning you had been telling the truth. I couldn't exactly argue with him, but I guessed he was telling the truth, so I refrained myself from killing you. I wouldn't blame you if you wanted to hurt me or kill me.: _Gritt thought hard on the dragon's explanation. What he said did make sense, given that he was still alive, and that it was true. He gave out his verdict.

_:I don't want to hurt you. I just want to help you understand what happened and who I am as well.: _Toothless' features visibly perked up, obviously joyful that he wasn't going to get retribution from Gritt for his actions.

_:Well, okay, but I have to ask you one question.: _

_ :Go on:_

_ :Why would you save me from that dragon?: _

_ :Well, I'll answer that question later, but I have to explain to you what happened before that as well, and how we met.: _

_ :Okay then, fill me in.: _Gritt was rather surprised at how trusting Toothless was of Gritt, being that he no longer had any memory of him. He just inwardly shrugged and proceeded to tell Toothless of the past few days events.

-One Hour Later-

_ :So let me get this straight: _said Toothless. _:What you are is really a human, and a Lost Tribe one at that, stuck inside a dragon's body, and that we had met a few days ago?: _

_ :Yes: _replied Gritt.

_ :And that I needed your help defeating the traitor Rotfang and the Red Death by training you to fight as a dragon?: _

_ :Yes:_ replied Gritt again. He had casually left out Vahr and Sol

just so the Night Fury wouldn't question him further about his loyalty. He then proceeded to ask the Night Fury a much needed question. _:Why are you so trusting of me even though you don't really know me anymore?:_

_ :Well: _started Toothless. _:I just have this feeling inside me that says to trust whatever you say, as if I had known you before this. But back to business. If what you say is actually true, then I have to train you in how to be a dragon, which leads us to your first lesson, which starts tonight:_

_ :Are you sure you really do trust me?:_

_ :Even if I didn't, I would still go along with this: _growled Toothless. _:My nest needs Rotfang and the Red Death gone. They've caused enough damage to our ancient society as it is, and their punishment is long overdue. If you're the key to defeating them, I'm all for it. Now get ready, because your first lesson is the one that every young dragon learns first as well. Flying. Let's see you have a go at it._

_ :Really? I'm not sure it's a good idea letting me try to fly without your instruction first, but if you insist: _shrugged Gritt. He walked up towards a good position to leap off of, which was conveniently a small cliff overlooking the pond, and he thought about how he was going to do this. _"Okay, Gritt, you can do this. Just jump and flap your wings, and maybe you'll get lucky." _He jumped and tried flapping his long wings as hard as he could, and because of his hard efforts, he was rewarded with no altitude and a dip into the pond.

_:You won't fly with just your wings.: _chided Toothless. _:You have to use your tailfin as well. It's the only way.: _He lifted up his tail to emphasize his point. _:Without a tailfin, you're as good as dead.: _He dropped his tail back to the ground. _:Now try again, and use your tailfins this time.: _Gritt shook his back to rid himself of the water that covered his glossy scales. He walked back up to the small cliff and readied himself for another go at flight. He opened his wings and shook them a bit to dry them off, and launched into the air using his powerful legs. Instead of only flapping his wings, he straightened out his tail behind him, and spread out his tailfins as well. He was rewarded with staying up in the air, but he was rapidly approaching a rock wall and didn't know how to turn.

_:Tailfins! Use your tailfins!:_shouted Toothless. Gritt took the meaning and tried to move his tailfins around. He flipped his left tailfin up and managed to turn to the right just hard enough to barely miss the rock wall. _:Good! Good! Now try to gain some altitude and fly out of this cove!:_shouted Toothless again. Gritt grimaced and concentrated harder. He _will _get out of the cove today! He flapped his wings harder and stronger, gaining altitude faster and faster until he zoomed out of the confines of the cove, and he basked in the glory of his accomplishment, gazing around in wonder at the pure magnificence of flight. He could see the village from his vantage point, seeing how majestic it really looked. _:Yes! YES! I'm flying! I'm actually flying!:_shouted Gritt. He zoomed downwards towards the ocean at a startling fast speed, testing himself to see how well he could really fly. Now that he was getting the hang of it, Gritt could turn rather well, and he flew on towards a foggy area full of rocks and pillars. He wanted a real challenge to

test his newfound skills and his courage.

As he neared the foggy pillars, he felt the familiar buzzing in his head, but this buzz was benign and soft, very much unlike Rotfang's or Vahr's. He let his mind wander, trying to find out what the beautiful buzzing sound was, and he was overjoyed to find a connection with a beautiful voice. It was interrupted though, by a concerned Night Fury from far away. _:Where are you going! You're going to close to the-:_

He was cut off by the beautiful voice, which was telling Gritt to fly towards it and stay with it forever. _:Don't listen to that dragon.: _said the voice. _:You can come to where I am. I won't hurt you at all. I'm actually really nice, and I need companionship. Could you please come? Please?: _Gritt was too entranced by the voice to notice that he had already passed through the fog and was flying around the stone pillars as if he knew where he was going. _:I would really like some company.: _ said the voice again. Gritt flew until he came upon a huge volcano. _:Just come right in, I don't mind. It'll be fun, I promise.: _Gritt flew into a small opening near the top and discovered the true horror of what he had just walked into. He saw a giant nest of thousands upon thousands of dragons flying around, all of which were either dropping food into a massive hole covered with red mist, or cowering in nooks and crannies around the volcano.

:What are you doing here!: said a terrified Nadder off to his right. _:It's too dangerous here! Leave now!:_

:HAHAHAAA! TOO LATE, DRAGON! NOW I HAVE YOU WITHIN MY REACH! ROTFANG WILL BE VERY PLEASED WITH THIS! HAHAAHAAAAA!: Gritt saw to his horror that a massive dragon, easily half the size of the volcano itself, had just raised itself from the depths of the hole and brought its enormous face up to Gritt. Gritt stood as if in a trance, feeling shame sink in. He had just brought himself to the Red Death, and he was about to most likely die. He resigned himself to his fate and closed his eyes, waiting for the end, but then something slammed into his side.

:Snap out of it! Get out of here!: said the Nadder that warned him the first time. Gritt took the opportunity and flew off as the Red Death opened up its jaws and bit the Nadder in half in its rage.

:FOOL! I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER! JUST REMEMBER THIS! SOMEONE GAVE THEIR LIFE BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPIDITY!: Gritt didn't look back, he just flew out of the volcano and shot back as fast as he could fly towards what he thought was the direction of Berk. He knew he would face a very peeved Toothless when he got back, but now he knew what he was up against, and it didn't make him feel any better. How could he defeat something so large and powerful? He flew sullenly onward, dreading the next five days until Vahr took control of his mind. He reflected on the Red Death's final words. How many people would die because of his actions?

-Present-

_ â€|people would die because of my actions? I had a lot happen to me within a day, and still my life was getting harder as it was. I had turned into a dragon, caused my friend to lose his memory of me,

learn to fly, and find out I was basically going to fight an island of a dragon. It was destroying my confidence, that's for sure. I was counting down the days until I would finally give myself up, which was in a short five days. It was going to be a tough five days, and all of those around me would have to endure my hardships as well. None of this made it any easier for me, and I still barely knew what was going on with my life. Nothing ever makes sense unless it's given to you on a silver platter. That's why I had so much trouble wrapping my head around the past events. I was going to end it, one way or another._

A/N: And that's the end to the fourth chapter. I don't really proofread my story, so there's bound to be a lot of mistakes in the writing. If you see anything really bad, could you let me know? I'd really appreciate it. I'd also really like it if you left a review, seeing that I don't have many. They really help me out and motivate me to write more, so if leave one, I'll respect you greatly. That's all I have to say for now. Peace out.

Lark

5. Complications

Disclaimer- I don't own HTTYD, only Gritt

A/N- I am so sorry for the lack of an update. I've been on another vacation for a week, and I just couldn't find the time to write. Other than that, I really have no excuse for the long update. Anyways, here's the fifth chapter. Read on.

-Present-

It really is a wonder at how I didn't just fall down and die because of what was going on at the moment. My whole life just turned around in a few short days. Trust me, transforming into a dragon isn't an easy process that just comes to you, it hinders your ability to do pretty much anything. Take me for example. I was now a dragon, and I could do basically nothing that a human could do, other than eat, drink, sleep, and all that stuff. Things like this really shoot down my morale, and finding out that a dragon half the size of an island is what you have to destroy doesn't help bolster morale either. Rotfang had told me I had seven days before Vahr would ensnare me in his grasp, and one day was already up, so I had six days leftâ€|

-With Gritt, general pov-

â€| he had six days left to defeat him and Rotfang. He had already wasted about half the day being unconscious and learning to fly, along with unfortunately encountering the Red Death that he had heard about. He still shivered at the sheer size of the creature. He thought about the encounter on his way back to Berk. The Red Death had said it was his fault for the deaths of those around him, and it had hit him very close to home. If he failed at whatever he was trying to do, it was just going to cause pain and suffering for those around him. He shook his head, angry with himself for putting himself down. _What's it matter, I can prevent it, can't I? That should give me more reason than need be to stop Vahr. Stop making things worse than they already are! Get a hold of yourself!:_Gritt started

growling at himself, determined to rid himself of guilt and shame.

While Gritt was chastising himself for being negative, he flew onward until he saw Berk hastily coming into view. Not knowing exactly where the cove was located, he dove lower towards the ocean and began to scout out the land, trying to get his bearings. As he was doing this, an extremely worried and angry dragon started to contact him.

_:Finally! What in the Great Creator's name were you thinking, you useless dragon? Don't you know that-â€|oh right, you didn't, did you?: _said Toothless.

:Well, actually,: replied Gritt, _:I did know about the dragon, but I didn't exactly know the size, even though you did tell me approximately how big it was, you know, before you lost your memory of me.:_ Gritt paused for a moment, then thought something else to Toothless. _:It's really bad there, isn't it.:_

_ :You don't even know the half of it.: _thought Toothless, _:But I can't go into detail about it now. We have more important matters at hand. Get back here as soon as you can. I want to teach you one more basic skill every dragon has before Hiccup gets back here.:_ Gritt silently complied and severed connection with Toothless, then he flew towards what he thought was the cove.

When he touched down onto the ground and ungracefully plowed into the dirt, he heard an amused snort somewhere behind him. _:Wow, very graceful.:_

:Hey, I'm still learning: replied Gritt as he unsteadily got back up. _:Anyways, what was it you wanted to teach me so badly?:_

_ :Really? I thought you would have guessed it by now. It's what every young dragon learns right after flying. How to breathe fire.:_

_ :Great! Umâ€| how do you do it, though?:_ Gritt tried opening his mouth to see if something would happen, but was disappointed to see nothing at all.

:It's easy, really. All you have to do is breath in heavily, then build up a sort of combustible gas within your throat, then release the breath, and out comes fire, all because of the extreme heat in your body. It ignites the gas as you exhale, and that's what creates our deadly fire bolts.:

_ :Yeah, fabulous:_replied Gritt. _:But that doesn't help my question really. How in the world am I supposed to build up the gas in my throat?:_

_ :Umâ€|: _thought Toothless. _:Uhâ€|I don't actually know how even I do it. It just happens. I think you might have to figure out that one on your own.:_ After those words, the slightly thoughtful Night Fury perked his ears up, noticing also that Gritt did the same.

"Oh, Toooooothleesssss. I'm baaaaack. Ready to try some more at flying again?"

_ :Ummâ€| Toothless? Should I stay here or go while Hiccup helps you fly?: _questioned Gritt. The other dragon turned his head towards

Gritt.

:There's really no more time to teach you anything else today anyways. You can go and do whatever you want, but stay safe, for my sake as well as yours. I don't know what's going to happen when your time's up, but it can't be good, so again, stay out of sight from the humans. Other than Hiccup, obviously.:

_ :Okay, um, bye!:_ Gritt shot off into the afternoon sky, more than eager to fly a bit more, and also eager to learn more about dragons.

-With Toothless-

Toothless turned back towards the entrance to the cove to see Hiccup climbing down to the same level that he was on. He thought about the day's events and the severity of the situation he and Gritt were in. He couldn't bear thinking about what might happen next. He couldn't give anything away, or else everything could go wrong. He remembered the words of the bald human in his dreams after Rotfang had knocked him out. _"You will play dumb around Gritt, dragon. He must believe you have lost your memory of everything about him. If not, or if you reveal anything about what I am saying to you, then I will personally kill you and your human, along with everything else you care about. If you do anything wrong, I will make you responsible for the destruction of the world."_

Toothless shook his head, ridding himself of the haunting dream. He knew there was no pride in what he was doing. He knew he was betraying Gritt. He knew that he had never forgotten anything about him. It was all just a trick, a plan, all to drive Gritt to insanity. The people that were after him were going to stop at nothing to use Gritt, but Toothless knew he had to stop it from happening, but he was always left with one question. How?

"Hey buddy," said Hiccup, startling Toothless out of his thoughts. "You look like you've been thinking hard about something. How about we take a break from that and try flying again. I've got something new that might just work this time, andâ€¦|" Toothless tuned Hiccup out again, going back into his thoughts. He wondered if Gritt was going through the same mental torment he was going through. There had to be a way to stop it. He brooded a bit more on past events, then tuned back in to what Hiccup was saying. "So, what say we try again, bud? You up for it?" Toothless nodded, then inwardly sighed. It was going to be a long and tough six days at _least_.

-With Gritt-

Gritt knew that there was always one good thing to flying. Relaxation. Flight for him was relaxing and relieving, and it was also a good time for him to think about his life. To avoid the Berk Viking's suspicion and hostility towards dragons, he chose to fly on the uninhabited side of the island. He thought of what he could do next to pass time, because he could no longer learn from Toothless for the rest of the day, so he had to find a way to learn about himself or his enemies some other way. He knew he couldn't trust any other dragon, being that they would probably rip his throat out, and he couldn't go to anybody else, so he settled on flying. As he neared the populated side of Berk, he saw the kill ring, and it gave him an idea. If he could find some way to talk to the dragon's stuck inside

the ring, it might provide him with valuable information. He started to dive down towards the ring when he remembered that he was bad at landing, so to save himself some dignity and to be more stealthy, he landed in a hidden clump of trees and cautiously walked towards the kill ring.

As he neared the point where he believed he was directly on top of the other dragons' cages, he tried communicating with them. _:Hey! Can anyone hear me? Hello?:_

_ :What? What's going on?: _said a rather disoriented voice. _:Wait, are you here to save us? Thank the Great Creator! Finally, freedom from this boring life! It's gotten so tiring, season after season, being stuck in here and being some other Human's training dummy!:_

_ :Save you? Uh, sorry, but I'm not here to save you. I was more hoping to get some information on the big dragon at your nest. Could you help me with that?:_

_ :What? You seriously can't take any time to help save us? I've been in here for seasons upon seasons! If you want help, then help me at the very least!:_

_ :FINE! I'll help you! But first I need to know how to ge-: _Gritt was cut off when a rather large object slammed into his body and wrapped around him, pinning his wings to his side and rendering his legs useless.

_:Too late, dragon. Should have decided a little quicker.: _Gritt was struggling in vain to get free of whatever had him bound, but he couldn't snap the ropes. He angrily roared and sucked in a deep breath, and when he released it, it shot out a giant fire bolt, causing whatever that had been sneaking up on him to shout out loud.

"Whoa! We've got a feisty one here I see. Good thing I saw you from far away. You might have done some serious damage." The figure turned out to be some Viking from Berk. Gritt snarled angrily. Just his luck that someone had been patrolling the kill ring. "Hmâ€|haven't ever seen your kind before. New type, maybe? No matter, I'll just throw you in with the others." The Viking started to advance towards Gritt, but Gritt wasn't going to give up without a fight. He opened his mouth again, but closed them immediately when his mouth started to ache something fierce. His teeth felt like someone had just hammered them relentlessly, and Gritt just couldn't bring himself to breathe fire again to save himself. "Now now, dragon. You're coming to see uncle Gobber." The Viking kicked Gritt in the head fiercely, not quite knocking him unconscious, but enough to make him stay down for a while. Gritt woozily growled. _"Great," _thought Gritt. _"Gobber. Just great."_ The Viking single handedly started to drag Gritt along the top of the kill ring and then down into the ring, where he was unceremoniously dropped onto the ground and was left lying there.

:_Are you all right, young one?: _said a voice in the cage to his far left. It sounded genuinely concerned, and a lot nicer than the one that spoke earlier.

_:I'm probably going to live, yeah.: _replied Gritt. _:Who are you by the way?:_

_ :Me? I'm what the humans call a Gronckle. I've been here in this prison at least twice as long as the others, so I've learned quite a few things from them.:_

_ :Okay, do you have a name or anything I could call you by?:_

_ :No, I have no name, neither does any other dragon from the nest. It took over, and none of us have any free will anymore. It's just serve the It, and then more serving. It never ends.: _The Gronckle sighed. _ :I'm guessing you probably don't know anything about It. You don't smell like any dragon I've ever seen in the nest.:_

_ :Yeah, I'm a newcomer. Mind telling me about It? I'm pretty fuzzy on the details.:_

_ :Very well. It started many, many seasons ago, a little time after I was born. We once had a great leader by the name of Rotfang. He was powerful, but he put his power to good use by helping us survive instead of using us like slaves. But, halfway into his rule, he started to change, and not for the better. He started ordering us around like we meant nothing to him. He ordered us to steal food from the humans that had just settled on a nearby island. We didn't want to steal food from the humans because we knew it would make them angry with us. Nevertheless, Rotfang ruled us even fiercer, even going to lengths to the point where he would kill whoever even slightly disobeyed him, instead of lightly ridiculing them._

_ "So, it seems that Rotfang used to be the leader of the nest," _thought Gritt." _Interesting. But what caused him to become corrupt? Was it power? Or was it something else? Could it have been Vahr or Sol?" _Gritt listened back in to what the Gronckle was telling him.

_ :After a few long seasons of torment, Rotfang suddenly got up and left the nest for a while. We didn't see him for many seasons, and our society was dissolving into chaos at that point. Nobody would stand up as leader, all of us felt like the position was slightly tainted because of Rotfang's rule. We didn't have to wait long though, because Rotfang eventually returned, and with an even greater evil trailing him. Of course, we didn't know anything about it at the time, so when Rotfang announced his leaving of the nest, we all cheered, but when he flew off, we felt a distant rumbling on the outside of the volcano. It had felt like something was pounding on the outside of it, and then the top of the volcano burst, and a giant dragon climbed down inside to the depths of the volcano. The one thing about this dragon, though, is that even though it seemed scary and disturbing, it had the most beautiful of voice. All It did when It settled into the bottom of the volcano was tell us to accept It and to allow It to lead us. We basically had no choice. It took control of our minds and forced us to raid the villages again, further angering more of the humans. We couldn't fight back because it was too large, and it had us in complete control. It was terrible, because if we didn't bring back enough food for It to survive on, It would just eat us instead. We basically had to fight everyday to survive against the It, and we couldn't leave the nest either. It wouldn't allow us. The only times It allowed us to leave was on raids. I was one of the lucky ones. After a few raids for It, I somehow got caught by the humans and thrown into this cage. I've been in here ever since, waiting for the next group of hatchlings to come

and train on me. Don't get me wrong, it's horrible in here, but it's better than with It. There are five other dragons in here with me, and four of them had come from the nest. The other one had just unluckily been captured by the humans during a slight confusion in one of our raids.: _The Grockle sighed, and even though Gritt could not see it, he believed it was feeling guilty at not being able to help its friends and family, if there were any left.

_:That's all I have to say on that matter now.: _Started the Gronckle. _:The humans are coming right now, and I think it's best for me to get some rest.:_ The Grockle was right, however, in that two Vikings were hastily making their way down towards Gritt's position on the stone floor of the kill ring.

"So what yah're tellin' me is tha' you captured an unknown dragon, and yeh need _my_ help ta figure out wha' kinda dragon it is? Did it not occur ta ya tha' even _I_ don't know what it is?" said a very annoyed Gobber.

"Well, it just looked strange, is all," replied the other Viking, "and I felt like it should at least be looked over before we throw it into a cage."

"Fair enough. Let me see wha' I can do," said Gobber. He walked up towards Gritt's form on the ground, and Gritt growled at Gobber. Gritt felt really bad though, being that Gobber was sort of a friend to him, but he was a dragon now, and Gobber would treat him as an enemy. "Hmâ€ awake are yeh? Doesn't matter, I can still examin' yeh." Gobber walked around Gritt, looking at his body and such. He mumbled under his breath, probably noting down a few characteristics. He didn't get too close though, because he didn't want to get attacked by this 'unknown dragon'.

"Well, I've looked over the dragon as much as I can, and I've come to a conclusion on what it is." Announced Gobber.

"Which is what?" replied the other Viking.

"Absolutely no idea."

"Well then, what do we do with it?"

"Just throw it into an empty cage. Ah'll figure out what ta do with it tomorrow." The other Viking walked towards Gritt from behind, and picked him up and tossed him into an open cage. Gritt was about to release a loud roar, but then they closed the cage door on him, so he just let it out as a heavy breath. He was angry at himself for getting captured. It was stupid of him to go down to the kill ring. Even with half the village gone on a search for the nest, there would still be Vikings left to protect the village. Gritt knew he couldn't do anything else while in the cage, so he went to sleep, knowing that he wasted a perfect half day to find out more information on his adversaries. What he didn't know was that a small figure had been watching everything that had taken place in the kill ring.

-Line-

Gritt woke up again, but as a human, and in the same dank cavern he was in the last time he went to sleep. Since he had been here before,

he knew he was dreaming, so he looked around, searching for Vahr. He got up from the stone floor he was lying down on, and walked around, exploring the enormous cavern. It was like any normal cavern, with stalagmites and stalactites littering the floor and ceiling. He walked around, trying to see if he could figure out where the place was. He saw a golden flash off to his right, which led to a doorway of some kind. He proceeded to walk towards the makeshift door, and was about to open it when a loud voice knocked him backwards.

"DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THAT DOOR, HATCHLING! NO ONE BUT VAHR MAY ENTER!"

"Then why am I here!" shouted Gritt. "Answer me!"

"YOU SHOW COURAGE, HATCHLING. IT PLEASES ME. THE REASON WHY YOU ARE HERE, IS BECAUSE I HAVE MORE TO SHOW YOU." The cave started to melt away as it had done in his previous dream, and then the dream transformed into what it had before. Gritt found himself staring through the eyes of Shadowfang again, so he just watched, not quite enjoying the ride.

What Gritt could tell from his surroundings is that the vision was taking place directly after it had left off the last time, with Shadowfang and Spitfire leaving the cave to have a council meeting with Sol. He watched as the two walked in silence, slowly going upwards until there was a light at the end of the tunnel. He watched as the two dragons walked into the sunlight of the mid-afternoon. Gritt tried to see if he recognized the area that the dragons were in, but the only distinguishing landmark was a giant mountain that stretched into the clouds. Gritt barely had a second to take in these surroundings before the two dragons shot into the sky and up towards the mountain.

Even while not the one flying, Gritt still felt the exhilaration of the first few moments of flight, but they didn't last because of what he saw when Shadowfang broke through the clouds. What he saw was a good sized dragon, about the size of Rotfang, maybe a little larger. It glowed with an unearthly golden light, and had an aura of complete power around it. Gritt immediately knew that it must be Sol, the Overlord of the Exalted Tribe. He couldn't see what the dragon looked like because of the glow Sol gave off, but he could see the other dragon's around it. What he saw was pretty plain, a few oversized dragons here and there, but the real shocker came when he saw the dragon next to Sol. It was pitch black and the exact same size as Rotfang. Upon closer inspection, Gritt realized that the dragon next to Sol actually was Rotfang, and that confused Gritt even more. Gritt didn't have time to dwell upon it, though, because the vision suddenly shattered, leaving him in complete darkness. Gritt didn't know what to do next, so he just drifted along, waiting for it to end.

-Line-

Gritt woke up in the dark and dank cage he was being held in, still bound with the bolas. What was different though, was that the cage door was rattling, as if someone was trying to open it. He saw the doors slightly creep outwards, letting a bit of the evening sun creep in. Gritt expected to see some burly Vikings come in and take him away, but instead, he saw a small, stout figure with a walking stick. Gritt realized that it was the village elder, but he was somewhat

afraid when the Elder drew a small knife and advanced towards him. Gritt started to warn her off by growling, but the Elder just raised up a hand.

"Peace, young Gritt. I mean you no harm," said the Elder. Gritt was taken aback. How would the Elder even know it was him? He trusted the Elders' words, though, so he calmed down and allowed the Elder to come closer. "I'm guessing you're wondering how I know who you are, Gritt," explained the Elder. "I know many things that happen within the village, but I've been watching you for some time." While the Elder explained, she was also cutting the bola ropes to free Gritt. "I can only tell you this. You alone are the one who can stop evil from taking over. You must learn to control your own mind, and to believe in yourself. You have more allies than you thought, and you must gain their trust in order to complete your destiny. Go, young Gritt. Go and save the world." The Elder backed away, allowing Gritt to run free from the kill ring. He gave one last look at the Elder, confusion written all over his face, and he bounded out the open doors back to freedom.

Gritt was confused to why the Elder would even think of helping him escape, but was even more confused to how the Elder even knew who he was. He wondered how much the Elder actually knew about what was going on. Gritt shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He had to focus more on getting out of the village. He readied his wings and took off into the air, disappearing into the dusk sky, flying back to the cove to talk to Toothless about what happened. He knew one thing, though. He was learning more and more about his past and what he was facing. It wasn't helping in the slightest with the confusion, though.

-Present-

“It wasn't helping with the confusion though. I had been learning about what I was facing, and it was daunting, yes, but the Elder said I alone would be able to stop the evil, so it helped my morale a bit. I was confused at what Sol was trying to show me, being that I haven't had the whole picture yet. Life for me wasn't easy, but it was going to get a hell of a lot harder.”

A/N- And there it is. One fifth of the way towards my goal in this story. Hope you liked this chapter, and sorry again for the long update. Anyways, tell me your thoughts on this chapter. I'd love it if you did. Peace out.

Lark

6. Trust

Disclaimer- I don't own HTTYD, only Gritt

A/N- Here's chapter six, hope it doesn't confuse you too much.

-Present-

“Every action has a consequence, and every consequence leads to an outcome, and every outcome leads to more actions. Whether they are good or bad, actions are what create the world we live in. Good

actions do not necessarily mean they will lead to good later on, and neither do bad actions lead to bad outcomes. They justâ€¦start everything, with no idea what the end is like, much like my life. I didn't ever know what to do. I justâ€¦did. I acted with no care for the future, and it now eats me up inside. It now is hard to reflect back on what I did. I can hardly bear thinking about it. The only way I can possibly stand it is throughâ€¦_

"I can't do this anymore," mumbled a very tired Gritt. He put down his pencil and covered his face with his hands. "It's been a day and a half, and I haven't eaten or slept one bit in that time." His eyelids began to droop, but when they fully closed, Gritt saw something he wished he could forget. He saw what he had done to one of his only friends, all because he wasn't strong enough. He didn't want to go to sleep after that, so he got up from his chair and walked out of his house into the brisk night air to clear his head of his nightmares.

As he walked the village paths through the night, he could only listen and watch the quietness that surrounded the entire island like a blanket. Most of the village was asleep, being that it had been a long day with the impending attack coming upon the village. The only signs of life that were present were the Vikings in the guard towers, standing watch for any surprise attack that might be coming. Gritt just sighed, not feeling any better at all, so he headed off towards the only other place he felt could bring serenity and peace to his troubled mind. While he was heading into the woods, a black silhouette followed after him.

Gritt walked through the dark wilderness of Berk, finally settling his mind on the troubles that plagued him. He saw the rocky and shadowy cave that lead to the cove, and set off at a brisker pace so that he could settle in there quickly and calm himself. As he neared the entrance, however, he heard voices on the other side, being that his hearing was keener then it had been before the incident, as was all his other senses.

"It's been two years, Astrid. He's had hardly enough time as it is to recover from what he's gone through." The voice belonged to none other than Hiccup, but Gritt also heard another voice.

"Exactly, it's been two whole years. No one should take that long to recover, even from what he went through," said the other voice, which was Astrid.

"Then what do you think he should do?" questioned Hiccup. "No one, and I say no one, has even come _close_ to what he's been through. You should know, we had it tough with the Red Death, but he went farther."

"He took off your leg, Hiccup! For the Gods sakes, open your eyes! He's unstable at best!"

"Don't say that out loud!" whispered Hiccup a little more quietly, even though they were in a pretty unpopulated area. "No one else can know it was him who did it. We're basically the only other ones that know, aside from the others. They would kill him if they figured out it was him who did that." Gritt was feeling a little worse after those two comments from Astrid and Hiccup. He knew exactly what it was they were talking about, and also knew it was his entire fault

because of it. His mind was reeling now, replaying the exact same moment in his head, blotting out every other person and thing around him. He was being forced to watch the worst memory he ever had. Again.

-Flashback-

_ He was overlooking the village from on top of the cliff, preparing himself for what he was about to do. He looked at his wings, making sure they were no longer as injured as before. He took off with one remaining thought. "I must find Hiccup! Bring him to the Master! Burn down the village!" He dove straight down and released four fire bolts in rapid succession, blowing holes in four different houses and setting the entire village into a panic. He released five more bolts, delivering more destruction to the houses. He searched for his target, the house on top of the hill, overlooking the entire village. He located the house, and saw his quarry readying himself on top of another black dragon. Gritt snarled, building up much more gas than normal in his mouth, intent on killing the dragon that protected his quarry. He released the larger than normal fire bolt, watching as it sailed towards Hiccup, and watching Hiccup's terrified face as death loomed closer than ever to him._

-End Flashback-

"Gritt! Gritt! GRITT! Wake up! What the Hel is going on with you!" shouted Hiccup as he attempted to wake Gritt out of his stupor.

"W-wait! I'm up! I'm up!" shouted Gritt as he snapped back to reality, finding out that he was lying on the ground with a concerned Hiccup, a concerned Night Fury, and a slightly less concerned; more wary Astrid looking at him in the face.

"You were having a flashback again, weren't you?" asked Hiccup. "What was it this time?"

_:Don't keep anything from us, Gritt. We need to know what's going on.: _added Toothless. Astrid just sat, remaining as impassive as ever, albeit without her terrifying axe.

"No, I'm not telling you. Not yet anyways," answered Gritt. "You were talking about me earlier, weren't you. You don't trust me."

"Of course not," snorted Astrid, making Gritt turn his head and glare at her. "You took off his leg, don't you remember?"

"Astrid, please," pleaded Hiccup. "You don't know what he's been going through." Gritt continued to glare at Astrid

"You don't think I feel any regret at doing that? I've been through Hel and back, even saving your sorry ass more than once!" Gritt was positively fuming at Astrid now, being that he was angry at her lack of compassion and forgiveness towards him compared to Hiccup.

"Actually, I don't care what you think anymore! You can die for all I care!" Gritt got up from off the ground and stormed off.

"Gritt, wait!" shouted Hiccup. "Just give us all a chance to explain!" He started to run after Gritt, but Gritt stopped him by drawing his sword and pointing it at Hiccup.

"I don't want any explanations." He slowly sheathed his sword, not taking his eyes off of Hiccup. "Just remember this!" Gritt turned and headed back towards the cave that led out of the cove. He snarled one last remark as he left. "I was the one who sacrificed everything to save you." Hiccup just stood dumbstruck, not believing what had just happened. He went over to Toothless and jumped on his back.

"Come on buddy, let's go after him," said Hiccup, and he was starting to take off when Astrid jumped on with him.

"Not without me, you don't." The trio took off from the cove in pursuit of Gritt.

-With Gritt-

Gritt stormed through the forest, still mad at Astrid's words against him. He couldn't believe she would openly say that against him, even though she had trusted him all that time ago right after it had happened. "Two years later, and she still hasn't changed a bit towards me," muttered Gritt. He knew he couldn't do anything now but lay low, knowing that they would be coming for him. He searched for a place to settle down where he could write some more, and he chose a dimly lit spot hidden which was hidden by a few trees. He settled down, still fuming, but he took out his journal and pencil, and began to write again, starting where he left off a little bit ago.

"The only way I can possibly stand it is through my friends. Without them, I would probably be insane right now, or worse, a simple pawn in a grander scheme. I was flying back towards the cove in the evening, wondering who the Elder actually was and what part she had to play in what was going on. The evening sun was beginning to set"

-With Gritt, general pov-

"The evening sun was begging to set when he touched down in the cove. He was surprised to see that it was devoid of any life other than him and a few small critters. He called out to see if Toothless was unintentionally hiding from him. "Toothless! I'm back! Hello? Anyone here?" shouted Gritt. His calls were unanswered, however, because only silence greeted his words. He eventually settled down next to a large boulder, waiting for Toothless to return. He thought about why his teeth hurt so much after shooting his first fire bolt. He remembered seeing Toothless without any teeth in his mouth, hence the name, and wondered whether or not he could do the same being that he was also a Night Fury. He tested his teeth, trying every which way to retract them back into his mouth until he felt a slight tingling feeling in his gums, and then his teeth suddenly retracted. He nearly jumped in surprise. He now felt a certain muscle in his gums, one that he could willingly move. He decided that this muscle was the one that was responsible for retracting his teeth.

Gritt also silently chastised himself for being so stupid. Of course he shouldn't shoot out fire bolts with his teeth. Since a Night Fury's blasts are so powerful, they damage their teeth as well, so they were able to retract their teeth whenever they used their fire. Gritt tried to shoot out fire once more, now able to feel a sort of gas chamber within his chest. He sucked in a powerful breath and

allowed the breath to fill with the combustible gas. He felt the heat in his chest ignite the gas, and he quickly released, feeling a powerful object come shooting out of his mouth and towards the rock wall. It exploded on impact with a shower of sparks and flaming rocks, and also left an amazed Gritt in its wake.

"Wow," thought Gritt. "That was quite the performance." It was dark now, and Gritt decided it was time to go to sleep, being that he had learned to fly, saw a giant dragon that tried to kill him, and also been captured by Vikings and locked up for who knows how long. He laid down his head and instantly fell asleep.

-Line-

Gritt woke up to someone prodding him in the side. "Gritt, wake up. I need to tell you something. Something important. Something I should have said to you the moment you turned into a dragon." Gritt's eyes snapped open the moment he heard the last few words.

"Toothless? What do you mean when I turned into a dragon?" Gritt looked up seeing a desperate looking dragon staring right back at him.

"I mean... I mean... I don't know how I should tell you this, but I lied. I lied this entire time."

"Lied? About what?"

"About everything!" shouted Toothless. "I lied about losing my memory! I lied by telling you that I had no idea who you were! I hurt you... I hurt you because I was a coward." Toothless sank towards the ground, not showing his face anymore.

"You... lied? Why? Why would you lie to me?" Gritt started to growl, angry at Toothless for what he had done.

"It wasn't me! It was someone else! He came to me in a dream! He said he would kill everyone close to me if I told you!" replied Toothless. Gritt was taken aback by these words. He knew exactly who Toothless was talking about, and he immediately stopped growling and sat up in rapt attention.

"That someone else didn't happen to be a bald human with facial scarring like mine, did he?"

"Well, yeah. It was that guy exactly." replied Toothless, now a little less despondent.

"Then that human's name is Vahr. He's been behind all of this, not Rotfang. Rotfang is just a pawn of his. Vahr's true intentions are to use me and somebody else, and my guess is Hiccup, to reawaken the Exalted Overlord Sol from his imprisonment."

"Really? But why would they need Hiccup to do that? Why would they even want to reawaken Sol? Don't they know what he did, even if he actually existed?"

"Oh he exists alright. I spoke to him. Not directly of course, but close enough. Listen, I know it's all very interesting and important, but it's really late, and I think we should rest until the morning."

When we wake up, then we can start the explanations.: _Gritt yawned widely and settled back down into his sleeping position.

:But what about Hiccup. What if they found out I told you everything?:

_ :He'll be fine. They need him, don't they? Anyways, I think it was an empty threat. Vahr wants to cause chaos and destruction, and by splitting us apart like that, he did a pretty good job of it. I think he had no control over whether or not you told me or not.:_

_ :If you say soâ€¦|: _The uneasy Night Fury slowly laid down on the ground and slowly fell asleep, obviously worried about what might happen while he was out. Gritt just inwardly sighed, knowing his troubles were far from over. He closed his eyes again, falling asleep quickly and effortlessly.

-Present-

_ â€¦falling asleep quickly and effortlessly. I had just learned of my friend's betrayal, but quickly gained back his trust when I learned that it was all part of Vahr's plan to separate us. I knew I should talk to Toothless as quickly as possible, but events had been transpiring way too fast for even me to comprehend them. When I woke up the next morning, Iâ€¦|_

Gritt dropped his journal when he heard and felt something fly right over the trees. He slowly picked up his journal and placed it back into his fur coat and walked out from under his alcove slowly. The moment he fully exposed himself, two clawed feet suddenly snatched him up into the air, causing him to shout out.

"Hey! Get me down NOW Hiccup! I know it's you who's doing this!" He shouted, struggling in vain to free himself of Toothless' iron grip.

"You know that I can't do that, Gritt! At least let me explain what we were talking about!" Hiccup shouted back. Gritt chuckled darkly to himself, too caught up in the moment to actually listen to what Hiccup was trying to say.

"Have you really forgotten who I am already, Hiccup? Let's see if you can catch me now." He said, still chuckling to himself. He looked up and slowly watched as his hands and arms covered over with black scales, feeling the familiar pressure of claws forming on his fingers and wings forming on his back. He gave a mighty tug on his right arm, freeing himself from Toothless, causing the surprised dragon to drop him.

_:Wha-? What are you doing Gritt? Can't you see he's trying to help you?: _Toothless dove after Gritt's falling body, hoping to catch him in time.

"You're too late," laughed Gritt. _:Catch me if you can.: _He flew off as a full dragon, quickly outdistancing Toothless, Hiccup, and Astrid.

"Hiccup! Hurry!" urged Astrid, knowing that if Gritt got away again it would take even more time to find him.

"I'm on it, I'm on it! Come on buddy, it's time for a race." Hiccup patted Toothless on the head, ready for him to shoot off in hot pursuit, but the dragon just coasted at a leisurely pace. Hiccup was slightly confused at why he was doing this. "What's wrong Toothless? Why aren't you flying after him? You know we have to catch him, right?" Toothless just snorted.

:Hiccup.:

"Yeah, buddy?"

:We can't go after him.:

"Why not?"

_:Because he's losing his mind again. He was right, saying that he sacrificed everything to save you. He sacrificed himself, his mind, and everything around him. He has too much piled on top of him, and he's going crazy because of it. You saw what happened two years ago. We have to just let him be, not bother him for a while, let him cool down and get himself back.: _Hiccup thought on this for awhile, turning around to Astrid for some thoughts, but she just shrugged.

"Okay then, we'll let him be, but we should search for him first thing tomorrow." The trio turned around and headed back towards Berk, wondering what would happen to Gritt while he was alone.

-With Gritt-

Gritt flew as fast as he could, only looking back every so often to see if the trio was still pursuing him. He only slowed down when he was sure he had lost them, and he flew back down towards land. When he touched down, he morphed his body back into its human shape. He felt sort of lost after the conflict, feeling like he couldn't quite comprehend what really happened. He sat down, rubbing his forehead and thinking thoroughly through what had happened. He remembered arguing with Hiccup and Astrid about trust, and then running away and finding a place to hide and write, but he couldn't remember anything after getting caught by Toothless.

"It happened again, didn't it," groaned Gritt out loud. He realized that he had almost lost control of his mind again. He knew he didn't have any real reason to be that mad at Hiccup, but he couldn't help but feel betrayed by the fact that they didn't quite trust him fully. True, he did some bad things in the past, but he couldn't be blamed for it. It wasn't entirely his fault that they happened. He sighed and got his journal back out of his fur vest, thanking the gods that objects stayed with him even when he transformed. He opened his journal to where he left off and began to write again.

-With Gritt, general pov-

-Five days left-

Gritt woke up from a pleasant dream for once, feeling quite content and happy, but he soon realized that he was alone again in the cove. He got up and stretched his wings and legs, ready to take off to find Toothless, knowing that Hiccup had obviously got up early to train with him. He shot out of the cove after taking a quick drink of water

and searched around for Hiccup and Toothless. He quickly saw two figures, one human and one dragon, both positioned on the edge of a cliff. He quickly dove towards their location to see what was going on.

When he landed, he saw both Toothless and Hiccup visibly jump and turn around rapidly to see who was behind them. Hiccup was the first one who found the courage to speak. "Oh gods, you scared me. Don't ever do that again, uh, um, dragon. I actually haven't figured out what to call you yet. Do you even want a name?" Gritt thought about this for a moment. Would he like to keep his original name, or take a new one? He decided on taking a new name, so he nodded his head slowly. Hiccup's face lit up a little, obviously happy that another dragon had taken a liking to him. "Okay, then. I'll think about what to call you after this. Toothless and I are going on our first real flight." He gestured to Toothless, who was more or less nonchalant about the whole thing.

_:Wow,: _said Gritt. _:You look positively thrilled at actually flying again.:_

:Well, I was, at first,: started Toothless, _:But he's been taking hours and hours. We got up at the crack of dawn to fly, and it's almost noon!:_

_ :And what about that talk we were going to have?:_

_ :Save it for later. Right now, I really need to fly, so fill me in later. Trust me, okay?:_

_ :How about I join you? It could be fun.: _Gritt inwardly snickered. He was joining more or less to make fun of Toothless and Hiccup when they failed at trying to fly.

"Okay, buddy, we're ready. Are you ready?" said Hiccup. Toothless crooned in reply, obviously eager to get up into the air. "Then what are we waiting for?" urged Hiccup. He climbed onto the saddle on Toothless' back. "Let's go!" They shot off into the air unsteadily, but they managed to steady themselves after a few seconds. Gritt snickered, and shot off after them, hoping to see something hilarious.

The two dragons and Hiccup glided through the air gently, not trying anything dangerous quite yet. "Okay, buddy. We're going to take this nice and slow. Position three, no, four. Hiccup moved his heel on some sort of contraption, and when he moved it, it also moved the artificial tailfin. Toothless just shook his head.

_:He's going to be the death of meâ€¦|: _said Toothless out loud. The trio slowly dove downward towards the sea, leveling off a few feet from the surface. They flew underneath a stone arch, and Hiccup cheered a bit at the success.

"Yes! It worked. Position four, no, three." Hiccup was distracted enough to not notice the rock in front of him, and the two smacked into the rock dead on, but Toothless pushed off with his legs as to not fall into the water. "Sorry, my fault." Apologized Hiccup, still distracted, and he caused Toothless to run into another rock. "Sorryâ€¦|" trailed off Hiccup, only to get himself whacked in the face with an ear. "Okay, okay, I'm on it." Said Hiccup a little

haughtily. Gritt was almost dying with laughter, trying to keep flying at the same time as laughing. He still followed the duo as they climbed higher and higher into the air, with Hiccup still being amazed at the pure thrill of flying. "Oh, this is amazing! The wind in my- CHEAT SHEET!

Hiccup tried to grasp the sheet he had been looking at to help him with the flying, but in doing so, he accidentally unclipped himself from Toothless while in an almost vertical position, causing both of them to start tumbling out of the sky and towards the sea far below. Having overtaken the two, Gritt saw what had happened a little too late, and he tried to dive towards the two, trying to save at least one of them from death. However, he hadn't of needed to, seeing that the two managed to save themselves, but he then realized that they were headed straight for the rock pillars shrouded in mist. He knew there was nothing to do but follow them and ensure their safety, so he dove right after them, chancing death itself.

As Gritt neared the misted pillars, he saw Toothless and Hiccup quickly enter the pillars. He prayed to Odin that they would be okay, and he dove right in after them at a startling fast speed. He knew he couldn't act alone on this one. He relied on his instincts to protect him. He moved faster than he had ever before, dodging left and right, feeling the stones rush past him, missing him by inches at most. After what seemed like an eternity of dodging, he saw the end. What relieved him the most though, was that Hiccup and Toothless had managed to make it out okay as well. Then he saw that Toothless had let off a fire bolt, seeing it blow up in midair. Gritt couldn't help but imagine the look on Hiccup's face as the two went through the fiery ring. _:Oh, Hiccup,: _chortled Gritt. _:You really don't have any luck, do you?:_ He followed the two as they slowly descended back towards Berk's shores.

-Present-

_ â€|descended towards Berk's shores. Yes, I had just witnessed my only two friends nearly kill themselves trying to fly, and I had laughed at them almost the whole time. It was worth it, though. It seemed that Toothless now had a future in his life. How do I explain flight? It's like, the best moment of your life multiplied by ten. The thrill it gives you is like nothing else entirely. I had forgotten all of my troubles in the heat of the moment, and I would have had it no other way. Life didn't seem as bleak anymore, and I felt like Hiccup, Toothless and I could take on whatever was thrown at us. Was I wrong, though. I was terribly mistaken._

Gritt shut his journal and laid his head on the grassy soil. He knew it was late, and that he should rest. Tomorrow would be an important and dangerous day for him, being what had taken place earlier. He was ready for the challenge, as well as for whatever else was thrown at him.

A/N- And that's it, the end of chapter six. I never thought I would actually get this far in writing this story. Anyways, I hope you liked it. I hope whatever I wrote didn't confuse you too much, being that this is the most confusing chapter to me. Please tell me your thoughts on it via review or PM. Gods know I need it. Peace out. Oh yeah, and thanks to all the people who read this. You may not know it, but you're helping me tons in writing. Peace out again.

Lark.

7. Chapter 7

Disclaimer- Yeah, yeah, yeah. I don't own HTTYD. Only Gritt, my character.

A/N- Wow, I am so sorry for not updating for quite some time. I've just been unmotivated after another week of camping. So, as a little treat, I'll throw in a random riddle at the bottom. Here's chapter 7, hope it's good.

-Present-

Gritt woke to the sound of birds chirping all around him. He opened his eyes and sat up, taking in his surroundings. He was sitting in an open field with short grass swaying in the breeze all around him. In the distance, he could see a few houses poking above a small hill, all of which had smoke pouring out the chimney. He was about to stand up and walk back towards the village when he remembered what had taken place the previous day. Instead, he stayed put and pulled out his journal again, readying himself for another precious day's worth of writing.

-Line-

I feel lost, more so than ever before in my entire life. I threatened one of my only friends, and I have the upcoming war to get ready for. I've written about my morale and my will to continue, but when I look back, none of it mattered at all. Even if the situation felt entirely hopeless and futile, I still kept going, hoping something, good or bad, would come out of it. But now, with almost nobody around to keep me going, I have no will to continue. The Lost Tribe will destroy us, and all of Berk's efforts to stop them will be for nothing. Flight is an escape for me. As I explained earlier, it helps me lose all my problems for a short while. One of the happiest moments of my life was when I saw Toothless fly again. I was proud of him and Hiccup, for both of their determination to never give up on the almost hopeless task of regaining Toothless' flight. Nevertheless, they succeeded, and brought their determination to a much higher level. If only I could do that now. It would make things so much easier. We had all returned to Berk's shores after the near death experience and exhilaration ofâ€|

-With Gritt, general pov-

â€|and exhilaration of flying through the stone pillars. They all immediately took a rest, spent from the adrenaline rush. _:So,: _said Toothless, _:You wanted to talk to me about all that's going on?: _ Gritt shook his head.

:No, not now. You just flew again. Flew! You should be enjoying this. I don't want to bring you down with what I have to say.: Toothless nodded, understanding the reasoning behind it.

:Yeah, I guess you're right. We still have to talk, though. When should we?:

:I've already been thinking about it. Sometime around evening would be best.:

_ :You sure? That's a long time from now.:_

_ :Oh, I'm sure alright. You two should have a little bonding time,:
_said Gritt, gesturing to Hiccup. _:How about, let's seeâ€|what would be a good thing to bond over? Try fish, that might work.: _Toothless beamed, obviously knowing something that Gritt didn't.

:Hey, that's a good idea! See you later then!: Toothless ran off to the lakeshore, determined to catch enough fish for him and Hiccup to eat. Gritt chuckled to himself, seeing the normally tense dragon so unhooked. Gritt took off, scattering the lakeshore pebbles in his wake, also startling Hiccup, who was deep in thought.

"Whoa, wait!" shouted Hiccup. "I've decided a name for you!" He waved his arms, hoping it might attract Gritt's attention.

:Sorry Hiccup, I need to figure some stuff out.: Gritt said to himself. He didn't know where to search for first, so he pondered his life, thinking of anything that might stand out or might start a trail onto the discovery of his life. He searched his memories, sifting through them like never before. He replayed his childhood, how everyone shunned him. He replayed the good moments in life when everyone cheered his bravery. He replayed the past events, which still confused him. He searched and searched while flying over Berk. He searched until he found something. Something that he had never seen before. It was as if a stone wall was blocking some of his memories. He pounded as hard as he could mentally, but it wouldn't even crack. He eventually gave up, finding it futile to penetrate the wall. He decided to take a break from thinking and flying, so he flew down towards a small opening in the trees.

When he settled down in the long grass, he suddenly remembered the incident in the kill ring. When he had gotten captured, he was shown a vision by Sol, but when he woke up, he was rescued by the village Elder. Gritt shot up, now knowing where he had to go next, but it wasn't going to be easy. He had to pay a visit to the Elder.

-Line-

As Gritt flew towards the village, he saw something rather interesting. He saw a few beaten and burnt boats docked at the village, all bearing the insignia of the tribe. Gritt knew from past experiences that the expedition for the dragon's nest had come back, and by the looks of it, had failed yet again. It was no big surprise, being that no boat had ever made it to the nest. It didn't look as if there had been too many casualties, though. He saw Stoic the Vast conversing with a few villagers, obviously trying to see what had happened while he was gone. What surprised Gritt, though, was that he didn't even know an expedition had set sail for the nest. He had probably missed it while being unconscious.

What was going to be a problem, though, was that Hiccup's father was now back, and that spelt disaster for both Hiccup and Toothless. If either one of them were discovered of what they were doing, they would both be killed. It also meant that dragon training was going to be a lot more interesting with the chief there. Gritt wondered who

was in the lead at the moment. He shook his head, clearing his rambling thoughts. He had to go to the Elder's hut.

-Line-

When Gritt neared the Elder's hut on the outskirts of the village, he landed softly behind, trying not to be seen. He cautiously walked forward, listening for any disturbance that might break his cover. He heard some voices in the hut, one of which was bickering on and on about underestimating one's enemies.

"and you deserved it, being so overconfident! You should have known not to underestimate those little Terror's. Even though they're small, they can still kill you!"

"ButbutIt was just so small!" whined the other voice, which belonged to none other than Tuffnut.

"Silence! You should respect your Elders young man!" scolded the Elder. "Now away with you and your sister! I've had enough of your fighting and bickering!" The door burst open and out flew Ruffnut and Tuffnut, both cursing quite loudly.

"You just had to argue with her, didn't you?" questioned Ruffnut.

"Shut up, it's not like you got bitten by a dragon the size of your boot," replied Tuffnut.

"Well at least I can defend myself, unlike you."

"I'll be the judge of that!" Tuffnut said, deciding that it was time to fightagain. He charged at Ruffnut, who in turn tried to hit Tuffnut, but Tuffnut managed to tackle his sister and send both of them down the agonizingly steep hill. The two yelled curses at each other as they bounced and rolled down, eventually quieting down as they finally hit the bottom. Gritt sighed to himself. The only way to stop the two from fighting was to physically knock them out, but then that led to more problems, which eventually led to leaving the two alone, no matter what they did. Their fights were now commonplace throughout Berk, always at the most inopportune moments.

The Elder hobbled out after them, waving her walking stick rather menacingly. After a short while, she sat down, staring off into the distance. "Kids these days," said the Elder out loud. "They have to learn that fighting won't solve all their problems." She stood up and turned around. "You can come out of hiding lad, there's no one else around except me." Gritt stood up in surprise, knocking over a few empty barrels in the process. The Elder gave a hearty laugh. "Not much of a stealthy dragon, are you? I suppose you're here for a few answers." The Elder's face changed from heartwarming to a slightly stern look. "I can't help you along your path, and I can't answer your questions about me, but I can lead you toward where you could start looking. Go to the topmost point of Berk, and then look down upon the island. What you will see will begin the map towards unveiling your past." Gritt only nodded, slightly confused at what the Elder was saying.

"Before you go, child, I want you to see something. You are not alone in your path, and you never will be. You are among friends, even

now." The Elder started rubbing her face, and when she was done, Gritt mentally recoiled. On the Elder's face were scars, but the scars were exactly like his, like Vahr's. The Elder was one of the Lost Tribe. No wonder she knew most of what was going on. Gritt truly understood now, why the Elder was helping him. She too, wanted the world to prosper. She too, wanted to defeat Vahr and Sol. She had set him on his path to his past, and he was going to follow it. He launched himself away from the Elder's hut, making sure he stayed hidden from the rest of the village, and flew up towards the top of Berk, eager to see what map he could find.

As he settled down on the precarious ledge of the mountain, he looked down around Berk, searching for anything that could resemble a waypoint of some sort, something that would lead him to something else. After a few hours, he started to doze off, feeling the warmth of the evening sun beat upon his black scales. He was jolted back to reality, however, when something bright glinted in his eyes. He looked down at the ground, seeing a small crystal on the edge of the cliff sparkling in the light of the sun. Upon closer inspection, Gritt noticed that there was a small beam of light pouring out the other side of the crystal, pointing towards a rock face down near the base of the mountain. Gritt immediately jumped off the cliff and dived down towards the rock, nearly crashing into the ground. When he leveled off and looked at the rock the light was pointing at, he saw some words etched on the stone.

'_Power lies not in strength, but in will_'

Power does not boast, nor does it grovel'

Beware whoever reads these words and enters this cavern,'

For whoever enters here will have the power to-'

The words were etched off on that line, but Gritt took almost no notice of it, and continued reading.

'_Power is merciful, but is also strict'_

Remember these lines'

For with great power, comes great responsibility'

'_Power lies not in the strong, but in the strong-minded'_

Do not abuse this power.'

Gritt finished reading the words etched in the stone and looked around for some sort of cave opening. He saw a small crack in the stone straight ahead of him, and being that it was the only sign of there being a cave in the area, he readied himself to blast the rock wall apart and create an entrance. He opened up his mouth, retracted his teeth, and fired a white hot bolt at the rock wall, ducking as bits of stone flew around him. When he looked up, he saw an opening in the wall just big enough to fit him. It was a steep drop into the depths of the earth, giving an eerie feeling to Gritt. He violently shivered, and crawled into the hole, hoping to Thor that his questions could be answered.

-Line-

The cave opening soon grew larger, allowing Gritt to stand without stooping at all. He walked deeper and deeper into the cave, wondering how deep it would go. After a few more minutes of walking, the cave finally leveled off and opened into some sort of chamber. The chamber itself was lit with crystals that gave off an unearthly glow, illuminating most of the cavern. What amazed Gritt, though, was the giant stone statue in the back of the cave. It was a statue of a giant dragon, standing on its hind legs, roaring to the sky. The statue did not have much detail, other than the body, but it was immense, almost the size of the Red Death. The cave was dome shaped, stretching far above Gritt's head. What Gritt saw on the cave walls and ceiling also shocked him. The cave contained thousands of pictures, each depicting some moment in time. Some Gritt recognized through stories, such as a picture of a giant golden dragon being swallowed up by the earth. Gritt took that one to be Sol's downfall. Gritt saw that the pictures were all jumbled, not really showing order, but they all sort of hugged one line of pictures that curved from the base of the cave up towards the ceiling and back down towards the floor. Gritt studied the pictures, trying to understand them. He couldn't make sense of any of them until he reached the center picture of the entire dome. The picture itself portrayed a small boy clutching a steel sword in one hand while his other hand was wrapped around a dragon's neck. The dragon itself was a monstrous nightmare. This picture explained the entire area to Gritt. The cave was a cave of prophecy. It foretold happenings in the future and portrayed all that happened in the past. Gritt looked down the line, seeing a picture of him and Rotfang meeting each other for the first time. He also saw a picture of him as a Night fury, but after that picture was when the rest of the pictures didn't make sense to him. He saw a few dragons fighting what looked like the Red Death in the next picture, but the other pictures were different. They were sort of blurry, as if they hadn't quite happened yet, or weren't going to happen in a long time. This idea worried Gritt. He looked back up at the picture of the Red Death. If the clear pictures were the ones that were going to happen or have happened, did that mean there was going to be a battle against the Red Death? Gritt turned around back towards the entrance of the cave. He started to run as fast as he could. The stone was right. With great power comes great responsibility.

-Line-

Gritt speedily made his way out of the cavern, wanting to get away from the eerie place as quick as possible. When he shot out of the hole, he looked back, panting hard. He started to look back when he was slammed on the ground by a heavy object. He looked up to see Rotfang staring back, minus an eye. _:Well, what do we have here? A small dragon, perhaps?: _said Rotfang smugly. _:Oh, no. It couldn't possibly be who I think it is.: _The dragon lowered his head a little, stopping less than half a foot away from Gritt. _:But it is. It's the little hatchling. I'm going to have some fun killing you.: _Gritt struggled, but the dragon was too heavy to lift.

_:I thought your master needed me?: _replied Gritt. Rotfang gave a loud snort.

:He can find someone else. There's thousands just like you out there, all of which just as useful. Now hold still while I make this slow and painful.:

_ :You think I'll just allow you to kill me?:_

_ :What could you possibly do that can stop me, hatchling.: _Rotfang let out a rumble, obviously amused by Gritt's words. Gritt built up a stronger than normal bolt in his mouth, waiting for the right moment.

"You never know," thought Gritt to himself. _"I always have something up my sleeve." _ He released the bolt at Rotfang's face, causing the large dragon to recoil in surprise more than pain. During Rotfang's confusion, Gritt managed to unbalance Rotfang a bit more, causing the large dragon to fall off of him. Gritt took the chance and shot off into the air.

_:Tricky little devil, are you?: _said Rotfang. _:This should be fun. I haven't chased anything in years.: _ Rotfang shot off into the air after Gritt, flying just as fast, if not quicker. The duo flew over the dense forests of Berk, with Gritt in the lead and Rotfang in tow. Rotfang opened his mouth and let out a mighty stream of fire, hot enough to melt through even a dragon's dense scales. The stream of fire passed right over Gritt, toasting him slightly.

_"Whoa!" _Gritt thought. _"That was close. Don't want him to roast me just yet." _He flew down through the canopy of trees and landed, quickly bounding away. Gritt only looked back when he thought he lost Rotfang. He was relieved to see that nothing was chasing him, but those thoughts were quickly erased by an over passing shadow. Gritt heard a malicious voice above him.

:You can run, little dragon, but you can't hide forever. I'll find you eventuallyâ€¦|: The voice trailed off into the distance, leaving the entire forest in almost complete silence, save for the rustling leaves. Gritt let out a quiet sigh of relief, hoping that Rotfang was gone for now. He walked forward cautiously, staying in the shadows of the trees for the moment. He thought about what he had just witnessed in the Cave of Prophecy, wondering what he might have missed in his short time there. He knew the Elder had said that there was a map somewhere in the island, but all Gritt found out on top of the mountain was more questions and the Cave. Could the map be in the Cave or somewhere else on the island. He shrugged off the idea, deciding to talk to Toothless about it. He slowly walked through the woods, not really caring where he was going. All that mattered to him at this point was figuring out what was going on.

_:Don't take a step further,: _said a voice in his head. Gritt snapped out of his thoughts, looking around for whoever it was that was talking to him. He began to take a step forward when the voice sounded again.

_:I said don't take a step further! Are you dense, or what?!: _Gritt started to growl, but then looked down and stumbled backwards. He hadn't noticed that there was a fifty foot drop right in front of him.

_:Who in the world are you?: _asked Gritt, looking around again for the strange voice.

_:Let's just say I'm like you. Different from the rest. Oh, and don't bother looking for me. I'm not going to show myself to you. I'm just

here to help you. Also, don't bother asking me any questions either, 'cuz I'm not going to answer them. I'll just tell you this. Rotfang has already left the island, so you're in the clear, but he's after your blood now. Be wary of him.: _ The voice disappeared, but Gritt was determined to figure one thing out.

:At least tell me who sent you!: yelled Gritt, and the voice came back, but it was just chuckling.

:Nice try, but that's for me to know, and you to find out, which you will soon enoughâ€¦: replied the voice, disappearing again. Gritt swatted a branch in frustration, annoyed. He was still confused at everything, and now some strange person or dragon was sent to help him by some unknown person or dragon. He had to figure out what was going on or else he was going to go crazy! He walked along the cliff ledge until he found himself in familiar territory, and then headed back to the cove.

"At least Rotfang isn't here anymore," thought Gritt. He squeezed into the entrance to the cove, hoping that Toothless was there.

-Present-

â€¦hoping that Toothless was there. I had learned many things that day, but they created more questions. Life is always full of questions, and one answer always leads to more questions. I was completely stressed out, having been chased by Rotfang and been helped by a strange being. Life is never simple. It's always complicated in some way or form. I just had to fight my way through it._

Gritt shut his journal, putting it back into his vest pocket. He started walking back towards the village, determined to set things right and apologize to Hiccup. He was sidetracked, however, by a black shape bounding towards him off to his left. The black shape came closer until it was nearly upon him, and then it skidded to a halt, nearly plowing Gritt over in the process.

_:There you are! I've been searching for you all night!:_The dragon was practically hyperventilating, almost ready to collapse.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Calm down Toothless. I'm perfectly fine. You've been searching for me all night? Why?"

_:Because I know what's been going on ever since the 'incident'. I don't want you to lose control again.: _Gritt sighed and sat down again.

"I know, I know. It's been hard, but I can manage it myself. It's the only way I can get stronger. Power lies not in the strong, but in the strong-minded, remember?"

_:You've caused Hiccup a lot of grief, you know. He still trusts you fully, even though Astrid and the other's may not.: _Gritt looked away, mumbling a reply.

"He has every right to hate me, though. He shouldn't trust me at all." Toothless smacked Gritt with his tail, snapping him out of his depression.

_:He also has every right to trust you! You saved his life as well, and your actions solidified his trust in you! Stop acting so down about what you did! It's in the past!: _Toothless calmed down a bit, speaking in a gentler voice. _:You should probably talk to him. You need to mend the rift between you two. It would help immensely.: _ Gritt looked out towards the sea, deep in thought.

"But what about in the future? What if something happens that can't be forgiven?"

:Then it's up to you to stop something like that from happening. Come on, I'll give you a ride.: Gritt complied, hopping on, hoping that he didn't hurt Hiccup too badly. Toothless bounded across the field. Even though he couldn't fly without Hiccup, being that only he knew how to control the tailfin, Toothless could still run fast.

-Line-

Hiccup was waiting in front of his house, looking out at the horizon, watching as the sun sank beneath the waves. Everyone on the island knew the impending battle that awaited them, but they still carried on with their usual lives. He looked over to his right when he saw Toothless bounding quickly towards him with someone on his back. He snapped out of his thoughtful state and confirmed that it was Gritt who was on top of Toothless. He hoped that Gritt was ready to talk about what happened last night. Gritt hopped off Toothless and ran up to meet Hiccup. He stopped a few feet short, with a gaze that said more than words could. He spoke up, saying the words that Hiccup wanted to hear. "Hiccup, I've come toâ€¦toâ€¦apologize for what happened last night. You have all the right to hate me and not trust me for what I did to you." Hiccup smiled.

"You don't have to apologize for that," replied Hiccup. "I still trust you fully, and I was wrong to doubt your trust and friendship. Now come on, don't be so sullen. We're still friends, aren't we?" Gritt smiled as well.

"Yeah, still friends. We've been through a lot, haven't we." They both grinned, not able to suppress their relief at keeping their friendship intact. Hiccup gave a small laugh.

"Just try not to run away before I explain. It'll make things a Hel of a lot easier." Gritt patted Hiccup on the back.

"Heh, I'll try, but no guarantees if you actually did do something stupid." They both shared a good laugh at that one, knowing exactly what they were talking about. It was true. They both had been through a lot together.

A/N- Now that I've gotten this far, I've realized that I've made quite a few mistakes in my stories. Sorry about that. Hope this chapter wasn't too confusing. I had a lot of trouble writing it.

Oh, and here's my little riddle. 'What has no hinges, cover, or lid, but inside a golden treasure is hid'. PM me if you think you have the answer.

Don't forget to leave a review if you want to, 'cuz I can use all the

help I can get.

Peace out,

Lark.

End
file.